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NOVEMBER 1969





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# CHANDAMAMA

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**And News Flash, Let Us Know and More!**

## NEXT ISSUE

Vol.23 DECEMBER 1992 No.6

**THE MAGIC PALACE:** A week has passed since Princess Vidyavati disappeared. Queen Vajreshwari is inconsolable. King Veerasen is confident that the search will be successful. Acharya Vachaspati calls on the king along with his disciple. He tells them of the invitation some Jyotishis have received from Acharya Jagatpati for a discussion. The Raj Jyotishi wonders why he has been overlooked by his friend.

**VEER HANUMAN:** However much they try to inflict injuries on Kumbhakarna, the Vanara soldiers, not even their leaders like Hanuman and Angada, do not succeed in their attempts. He now approaches Lakshmana, but Rama intervenes and kills Kumbhakarna. Ravana's anger mounts. He sends Devandaka, Narandaka, and Atikaya, who all meet with similar fate. Now only Indrajit is left. He receives Ravana's blessings and proceeds to take on Rama and Lakshmana. Initial success rests with Indrajit.

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CHAKRAPANI

## FOCUS ON CHILDREN

Come November, and the nation celebrates Children's Day on November 14 to coincide with the birth anniversary of India's first Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, whose affection towards children and concern for their welfare and future have been taken as guidelines in several other countries, especially the developing nations.

The 7-nation South Asian Association for Regional Cooperation (SAARC), of which India is a member, recently held a ministerial conference on children in South Asia in Colombo. The conference considered a Charter for Children presented by the host country, Sri Lanka.

According to the Charter, a child has been defined as any human being below the age of 18. Every child has the right to be protected against all forms of discrimination or punishment on the basis of status, activities, and expressed opinions of its parents, irrespective of race, sex, religion, or social origin. The Charter recognises the Child's fundamental right to life, survival, and development through education and health services. The conference made an appeal to the elders to join hands in facing the challenges of providing protection to children against starvation, sickness, homelessness, and violence.

What is of special interest is, it was the Bangalore SAARC Summit in 1986 that first decided to spotlight world attention on children, which led to the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child in 1989 which, again, was the precursor of the World Summit on Children in 1990.

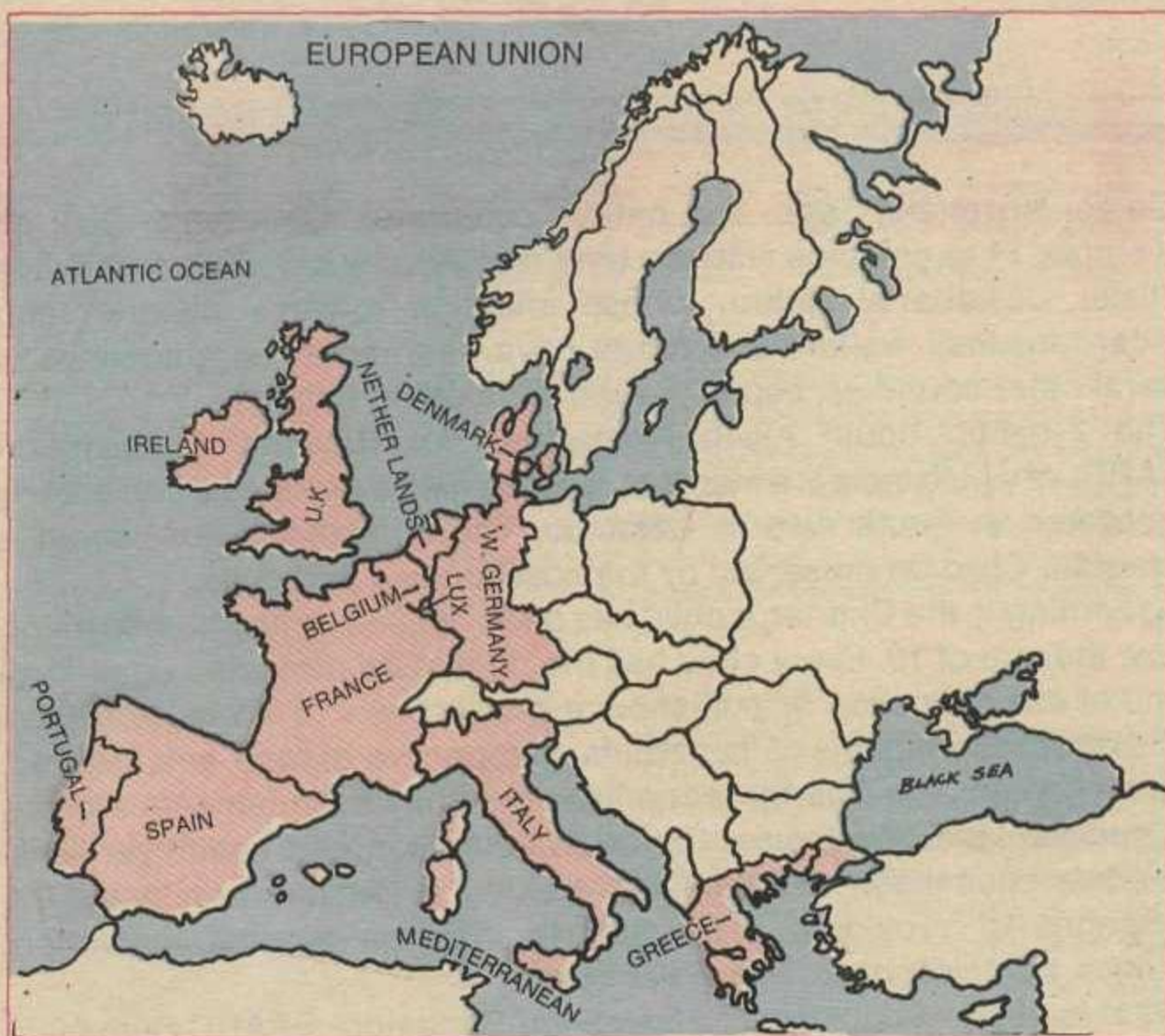
A special session of the 170-nation Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro in June had taken note of the environmental crisis of malnutrition, disease and early death among children and called for an end to the violence on their lives. And now comes the Charter for Children from SAARC.

All these meets have recognised that "childhood is a precious period of life, and the joy of living is a trait to be treasured most."



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD

### TOWARDS EUROPEAN UNION



At first, it was European Economic Community (EEC) since its establishment in 1957. It was also known as the Common Market all these 35 years. Early this year, the name was made a simpler European Community (EC). Its twelve members are now striving to make it an European Union, which is a more significant expression.

To start with, this economic association had six members—Belgium, France, Italy, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, and West Germany. In 1973, six more nations—Denmark, Ireland, Greece, Spain, Portugal, and the United Kingdom—joined the EEC.

In December 1991, the Foreign Ministers of these 12 nations met at



Maastricht, in Netherlands, and agreed on the European Union Treaty. Two months later, this suggestion was further considered by the leaders of all the nations, who then put their signatures to the treaty. It was also decided that the Maastricht Treaty should receive independent ratification by the 12 nations.

There were reasons for contemplating such a Treaty. The cold war between the two superpowers—the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union—had come to an end with the break up of the latter, of which you have already read in one of the earlier issues. There is now only one superpower left—the U.S.A. A United Europe was, therefore, thought advisable and feasible to stand against its might.

For a union, it was necessary to avoid internal frontiers, so as to

**Next to Australia, Europe is the smallest continent. Geographically contiguous with Asia, the distinction between the two continents was made in the 5th century B.C., first by the Assyrians, who called Asia the land of the rising sun, and Europe of the setting sun.**

allow free movement of people, goods, services, and capital within the community. The Treaty mentioned January 1, 1993 to implement this agreement. Another year, and the European Monetary Institute would come into being. The creation of the Institute would lead to the establishment of a European Central Bank in 1997. And a common European currency would be in circulation by the end of the century. The Treaty also envisaged for the Union a bigger say in education, culture, public health, industry, consumer protection, environment, transport, and telecommunications, besides a common foreign policy to assert its identity. There would also be a European Parliament. The 190-page Treaty was rightly hailed as envisioning something like a United States of Europe.

When it went for ratification, Denmark rejected it; the Greek Parliament accepted it by an overwhelming majority; and recently, France gave it 51 per cent "ayes" as against 49 per cent 'nons'. Luxembourg and the Netherlands, too, have supported the Treaty. The verdict is awaited from the remaining seven nations before the year runs out.







NEWS



FLASH



## The tilt of the Tower

The Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Italy, is one of the wonders of the modern world, attracting thousands of tourists from all over the world. Some people even whispered that it was constructed so, with the purpose of drawing people to that then little known merchant city. But they have all been proved wrong. Recent excavations near the tower have revealed that there was a huge ditch, which was filled in some ten years before the work on the tower started in 1773. The tilt to the Tower must have been caused when the earth in the ditch began to sink. The tilt continues year after year, sometimes by even 1 cm.

## Geography-forte at five

Five-year-old Sri Viddya is a First Standard Student in a Nursery School in Madras. Geography is not one of her subjects as yet, but she has an uncanny knowledge of places (capitals and major towns all over the world), mountains, rivers, lakes, oceans, and deserts. Open out an atlas and ask her to locate a place; she will correctly point out what you want. Or simply ask a question, and she will answer from memory. Like, the capital of Zimbabwe? Sri Viddya will not take a second to say, "Harare." She was recently made a junior member of the National Geographic Society of the U.S.A. Incidentally, her interest in atlases and maps began when she was two years, while she sat on the lap of her uncle as he pored over his school atlas.

## A different 'save'

Goalkeeper Paul Edmonds does not remember the number of 'saves' he must have made on the field. But the save the 28-year-old footballer made on August 11 will ever remain in his memory, for, it was something different. He was on his way home from a game when he saw 2-year-old Kayleigh dangling from the window ledge 12 metres (nearly 40ft) above. He ran in time to catch hold of her in his strong arms. "He's a hero to us," said the girl's mother Karen Grant, of Stevenage, England.



# DISCRETION

The King of Sitapur had a minister in charge of the treasury. He had seen service with the king for several years, but what the king was unaware of was, the man used to quibble with the accounts and take money for his own needs. This practice went on unchecked.

One day, the king became suspicious and made discreet enquiries which only confirmed his suspicion. The minister was summoned to the court; everybody expected the king to dismiss him. Much to their surprise, the king only admonished him. "You've done something very wrong. If you were to repeat it, take it from me, your services will be terminated!" the king warned him.

The queen, who was present in the court, later asked the king, "Why did you let him off like that? You should have dismissed him straight away."

"Poor man, he must have been in dire need of money. He had two ugly-looking daughters to be married; he had also started building his house. Now that I've warned him, I'm sure he'll be honest in future. He must also have realised that he wouldn't get employed anywhere else at this age. Moreover, how are we certain that a new incumbent will not indulge in a similar habit?"

The queen was happy the way the king argued his point.





'ONE GETS ONLY WHAT ONE DESERVES'. SHE'S GOING TO MARRY ME.



NONSENSE. COME HERE, YOU SILLY GIRL!



MEANWHILE, THE KING AND THE PRINCESS COME THAT WAY



WHAT'S ALL THIS COMMO-TION?

THEY TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED.



SO....HE'S THE ONE WHO DROVE THAT WILD ELEPHANT AWAY?

YES, SIR!

THEN HE DESERVES MY DAUGHTER'S HAND, TOO.



ONE GETS ONLY WHAT ONE DESERVES.



HIRANYAKA CONCLUDES THE STORY THUS....



SO THE MERCHANT'S SON MARRIES THE PRINCESS, BECOMES THE KING, AND LIVES HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

NOW YOU SEE, ONE GETS ONLY WHAT ONE DESERVES.

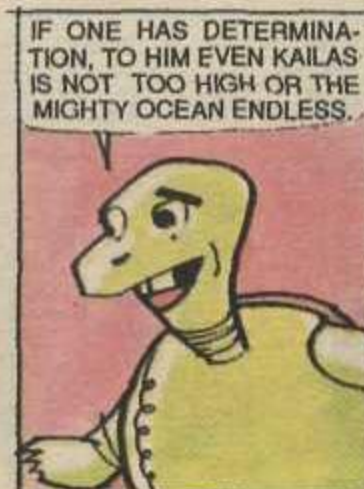
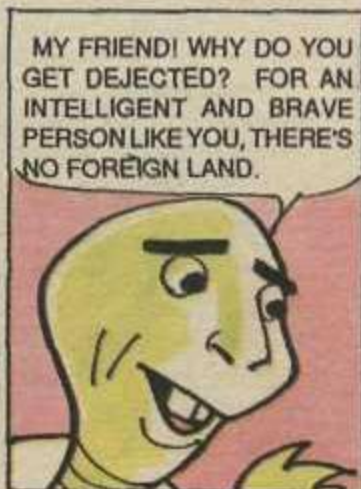


SO I REALISED THAT MONEY IS NOT THE ONLY WORTHY POSSESSION. ONE SHOULD HAVE CHARACTER, WISDOM, AND CONTENTMENT.



अप्रियं पुरुषं चापि परद्रोहं परस्त्रियम् ।  
अधर्ममनृतं चैव दूरात् प्राज्ञो विवर्जयेत् ॥





A wise man keeps himself away from a person he dislikes, from enmity to others, from other's wives, from unrighteous conduct, and from falsehood.



THE WEAVER GOES TO VARDHAMANAPURA AND STAYS THERE FOR SOME TIME.



I'VE SAVED ENOUGH MONEY, I SHALL NOW RETURN TO MY HOME TOWN.



ON HIS WAY.....

IT'S MIDNIGHT. I SHALL TAKE REST UNDER THIS TREE.



AFTER SOME TIME-THE WEAVER HAS A DREAM....



MY DEAR KARTHA! YOU NEVER ALLOWED THIS WEAVER TO SAVE IN HIS LIFE TIME.

BUT HE HAS THREE HUNDRED GOLD COINS BY NOW. HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



DEAR KRIYA! LET HIM SAVE THAT MUCH MONEY, BECAUSE OF HIS EFFORT.



IF YOU THINK IT'S NOT PROPER, TAKE IT AWAY!



SUDDENLY, THE WEAVER AWAKES...

GONE! MY GOD! WHERE ARE MY GOLD COINS! THIS IS EMPTY!



I CAN'T GO BACK WITH AN EMPTY HAND! ALL MY TOIL IS WASTED!



SO THE WEAVER GOES AGAIN TO VARDHAMANAPURA..



WORKS HARD FOR SOME MONTHS, EARNS FIVE HUNDRED GOLD COINS...



मृदघट इव सुखभेद्यो दुःसन्धानश्च दुर्जनो भवति ।  
सुजनस्तु कनकघटवद् दुर्भेद्यश्चाशुसन्धेयः ॥



AND STARTS AGAIN FOR HOME...



ON HIS WAY...

I'M EXHAUSTED. I SHALL TAKE REST FOR A WHILE UNDER THIS TREE.



AFTER SOME TIME-- HE HAS A DREAM.....



KARTHA! HOW COULD THIS WEAVER AGAIN SAVE ALL THIS GOLD?



HARD WORK AND ENTERPRISE MUST BEAR FRUIT. BUT YOU SHOULD DECIDE HIS FATE.



AND THE WEAVER WAKES UP...

AHI HAI!



OHI OHI IT'S GONE! MY GOLD IS GONE!



THE FRUIT OF CEASELESS TOIL IS GONE! I SHALL PUT AN END TO THIS WRETCHED LIFE!



THE DEJECTED WEAVER TRIES TO HANG HIMSELF...

STOP! STOP! DON'T BE HASTY!



DON'T PUT AN END TO YOUR LIFE. IT'S I WHO TOOK YOUR MONEY!



BUT WHY?



To Continue

Like an earthen pot which can easily crack and once cracked cannot be easily made whole again, a mean fellow falls out easily and cannot be befriended again. But, like a pot made of gold which does not crack easily and if it cracks it can be mended easily, a noble man falls out rarely and if he does, he can become a friend again easily.



## No, Thank You!

The other day, newspapers carried the picture of a white elephant in one of the zoos abroad – a rare phenomenon. Must be an albino, thought Venkata Subramaniam of Machilipatnam. But he has often heard the expression '*white elephant*' cropping up in conversations, and wonders what it means. There is an interesting story about white elephants, which were once not so rare in south-east Asia, especially in Siam (now Thailand). They used to be prized possessions, held as sacred animals, and were, therefore, not put to any use – like carrying logs as normal elephants do. They were as such useless and proved expensive to maintain. The King of Siam, if ever he wished to slight any of his subjects, presented him with a white elephant for, that would ensure his ruin! So, anything that gives more trouble than it is worth can be termed a white elephant. Incidentally, there are *pink elephants*, too. If anyone is over indulgent with his 'drink', he is sure to get hallucinations – very 'colourfully' described as



pink elephants!

Raman Nambiar of Cannanore has never heard of anyone *burning his boats*. That will be a foolish act, he says. It was not, for Julius Caesar and other conquerors who went on invading one country after another, staking everything on success. So, what they did was – on landing in a country, they went about burning all their boats, making sure that there was no chance of retreat, not even to think of it. They were so firm about victory. By burning your boats, you do not have an opportunity to change your mind. If you change your mind, *now, that will be something foolish!* What do you say?

Not that he would want to try and *twist the lion's tail* after he came across that expression in some newspaper, but reader Jyotiranjana Biswal, of Durgapur, wishes to know its meaning. If he attempts such an exercise, he would only harass Great Britain. The lion is part of Great Britain's insignia, carried by its marching armies. The word 'lion' once represented a conspicuous person in Britain, because it used to keep lions in the famous Tower of London. A great Indian once did twist the lion's tail. Who? Who else than Mahatma Gandhi!





*(Mahendranath, in his search for the missing Princess Vidyavati, ends one stage of his hazardous journey through the jungles on one side of the lake, with the island resort in the centre, at a huge mansion built on the peak of a mountain. Thanks to an obliging gate-keeper, he is able to take rest in his room and comes to know of an important woman visitor to the place.)*

**A**fter he had eaten the food that the gate-keeper had brought him, Mahendranath lay down as there was no sign of him for some time. He was feeling tired from his long walk since early morning. For most part of the day, he had also been climbing the mountain-side till he came to the huge mansion situ-

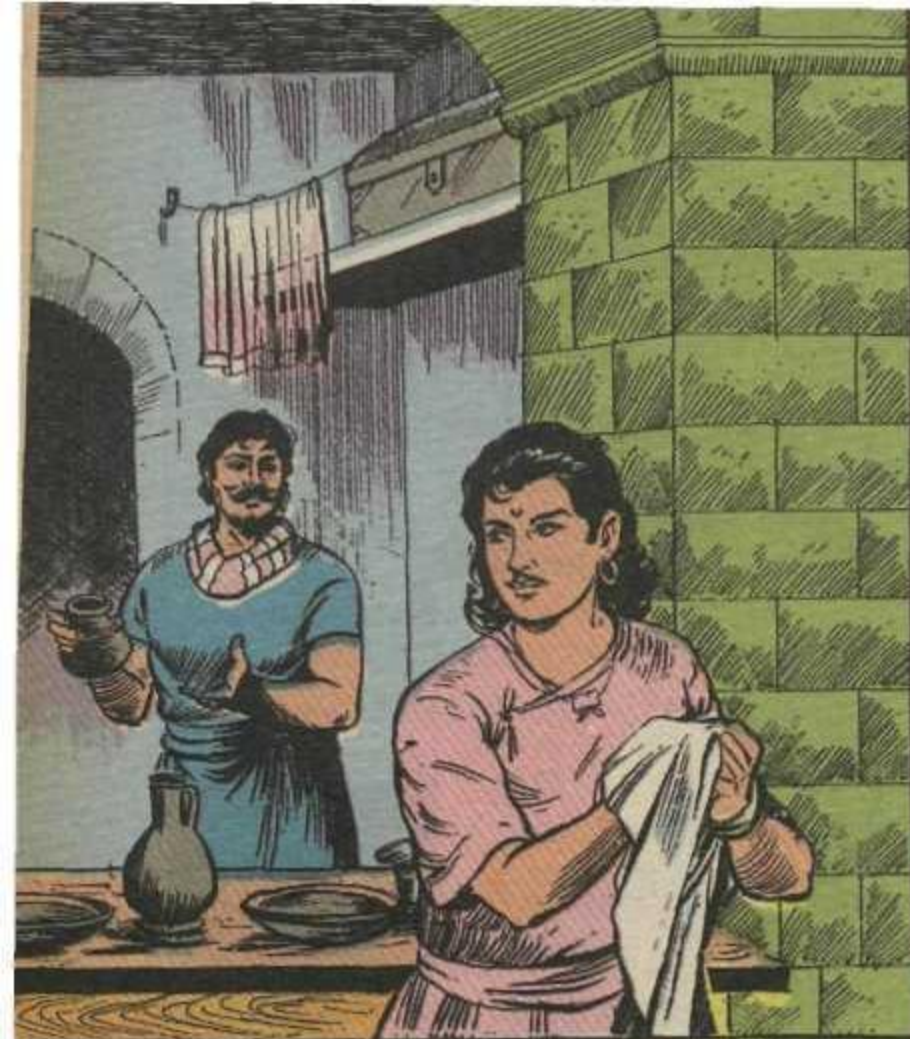
ated on the peak. He thanked his lucky stars that he found someone who readily offered him shelter at least for the night.

For a while Mahendranath recollected all that had happened after his meeting with the hermit the previous evening. He was still curious but could not think of any reason why the old sage

**A SURPRISE OFFER**







should have shed tears at the time of parting. Suddenly he remembered the ring that the hermit had given him and felt around his fingers to reassure himself that it was safe with him.

Mahendranath did not know when he had fallen asleep or whether the gate-keeper had later joined him in the room. He vaguely remembered having heard the clang of the chain on the gate. When he woke up, he found a flurry of activity all around the place. A little later, the gate-keeper entered the room with two plates and extended one

to Mahendranath. As they ate their food, he asked his friend, "So, your master has come back, hasn't he?"

The gate-keeper raised his head. "How did you know?"

"I think I heard the gate chain being knocked, though I don't know at which part of the night it was," explained Mahendranath. "And I find everybody is quite busy," he added, with a smile. "I should not stay here any longer, lest it causes embarrassment to you, my friend."

"Of course, my master is here," said the gate-keeper, "but he seldom appears in these parts of the place; so you needn't be in any hurry to go away. You may remain here for one or two more days before you start for Himagiri. Meanwhile, let me check up whether my master can offer you some work." The gate-keeper seemed to have taken a liking for the young man.

"Thank you, my good friend," responded Mahendranath. "I shall be ever grateful to you. However, I should not overstep your hospitality. Maybe I shall stay for one more day and take rest before I continue my jour-



ney. Of course, if your master agrees to engage me, I shall stay back for a while."

"You leave all that to me," remarked the gate-keeper.

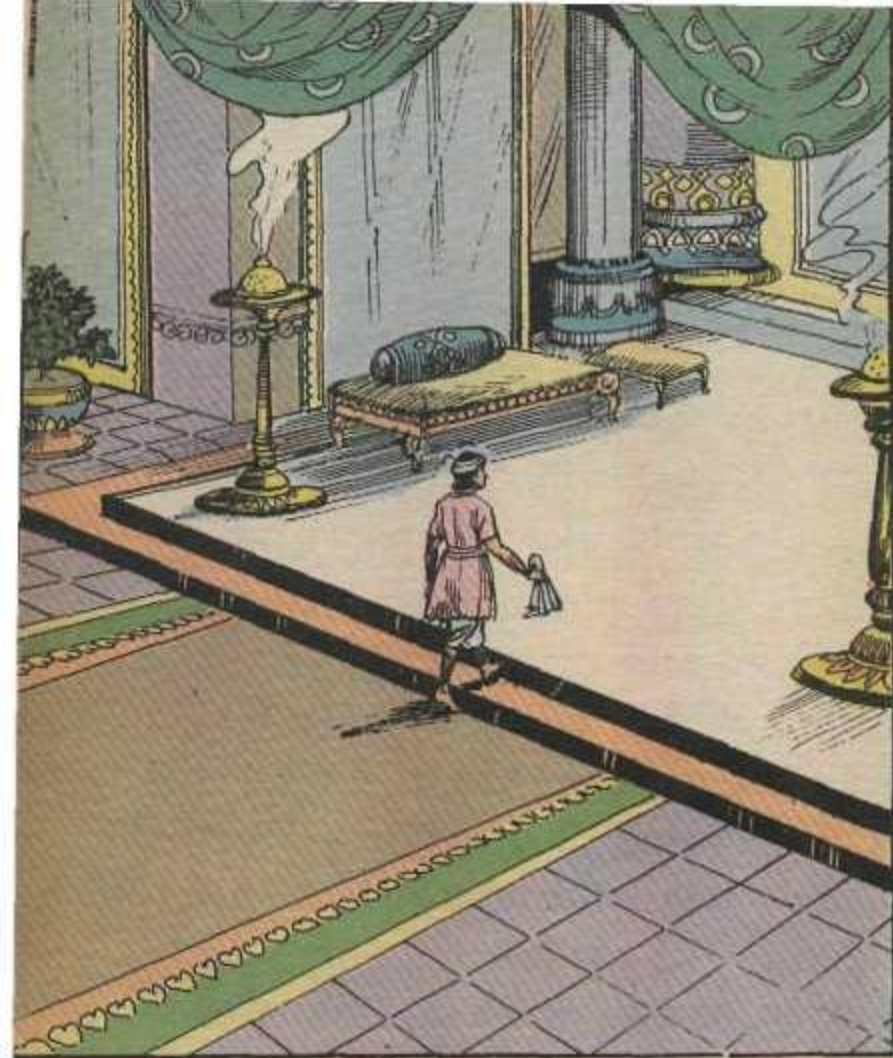
After the gate-keeper had gone away with the plates, Mahendranath remained in the room for sometime, watching the activity outside through the lone window. Suddenly, an idea struck him. Why should he not mingle himself among the servants and pose as one of them? That might give him an opportunity to roam the place and satisfy himself about the suspicion lurking in his mind regarding the missing princess and the very important

woman-visitor in that palatial mansion. He waited for the gate-keeper to come back. When there was no sign of him for some time, Mahendranath cautiously made his way into the crowd.

While some of them dusted and cleaned the figurines and statuettes in the garden, some others were planting and transplanting and pruning the plants in the garden all around. Others were busy wiping the dust off the windows and doors. For a short while, Mahendranath lent his hand to the gardeners, who took him to be one of them, failing to notice that he was a stranger. He then slowly got on to the







verandah and, untying his shawl around the waist, began to polish the windows and doors. This exercise enabled him to peep into the rooms. Most of them were unoccupied—at least those whose doors had been left open. Some doors would not open when he gave them a push. Something strange that he noticed in those rooms he could peep into was the presence of mirrors—of various shapes and sizes—placed and hung all along the walls.

Mahendranath continued his toil along the verandahs and,

without drawing anyone's attention or curiosity, he even casually strayed into the passages inside, but carefully avoided climbing any of the staircases that came in his view. It is not as though he did not come across anybody, but most of them were servants engaged in some work or the other.

One of the passages led him into a large room. Like others, this room was full of mirrors. Seated on the floor, on velvet-covered platforms were three aged *pundits*. Two of them were poring over ancient books, while the third was looking at some charts and diagrams drawn on a dark portion of the floor. One half of the door was open and Mahendranath unwittingly pushed the other half and entered. For a moment he was not sure whether he had seen only three persons or the room had more of them. The next moment he knew it was a trick played by the low mirrors on the walls.

"Who are you?" one of the pundits facing the door questioned him. There was a streak of displeasure running across his face. "Don't disturb us!"





Mahendranath did not disclose his identity. He merely said, "I came to dust the place. I'm sorry if I had disturbed you, sire. It was not my intention. Please bear with me. I shall come back later," he added very casually.

"This room was kept ready for us; there's nothing more to be done here. You may go away!"

"Yes, sire!" said Mahendranath apologetically. He bowed low and casually stepped back into the passage. Before he did that, he did not fail to notice that all three of them were attired in the same kind of clothes, of the same colour. How strange!

It was nearing noon and Mahendranath decided to trace his way back to the gate-keeper's room, wondering how he would explain his absence from the room in case his friend had looked him up in between. He reached the room without attracting anybody's attention. Soon, the gate-keeper joined him, bringing food for him. "Did you have some rest?"

Mahendranath felt relieved. Evidently, his friend had been kept busy elsewhere and did not get back to his room till then. "Oh,

yes, I had a good rest. This place seems to be full of servants; I had a good time watching them at work," he told the gate-keeper, who had by then stretched his weary legs. "Your master.... did you....?"

Before Mahendranath could complete the sentence, the gate-keeper answered him. "My master has not come alone this time. He was accompanied by three persons. They looked like Jyotishis. We had to get ready some rooms for them in a hurry. It looks as though they'll stay here for a few days. They all had lunch together, and later I saw my master go into his room. If he were to come out into the garden, I'll have a chance to meet him."

Mahendranath saw that his friend had fallen asleep. He would need to sleep for sometime before he resumed his duty later in the night. He himself moved near the window to keep a vigil. There was some more time for the sun to set. As Mahendranath's eyes wandered from one corner of the garden to another, he saw a figure, who he guessed might be the master of the mansion. Though he had grown







his hair and was sporting a trimmed beard, it was impossible to assess his age. However, he had a royal look about him, Mahendranath decided. The man wore a long, flowing robe of silk and seemed to be in a contemplative mood. Once or twice he even turned his face towards the gate-keeper's room.

Mahendranath thought he would better alert his friend. "Wake up! Your master is in the garden. I've a feeling he's looking for you."

The gate-keeper jumped up from his bed spread on the floor.

He peeped through the window. "Yes, you're right. That's my master. But, how do you know he's looking for me? I hope he had not seen you."

"No, I don't think he has seen me," assured Mahendranath. "I didn't go anywhere near the window. But I saw him turn his face towards this room."

The gate-keeper patted his dress to its place, wiped his face with a towel, put on his turban, and rushed out. His heavy steps seemed to have attracted the attention of his master. He turned to him and Mahendranath found both of them engaged in conversation for sometime. The master was gesticulating as if he was referring to certain other parts of the building. The gate-keeper bowed low and withdrew himself from the presence of the master. Mahendranath saw him move in the direction indicated by the master, who had by then walked back to the verandah and disappeared inside.

Before it was dark, the gate-keeper returned and he greeted Mahendranath with a smile. "I've some good news for you. Master wants to change the gate-





keeper on the other side where the women folk normally stay. He has asked me to find someone strong who can keep awake for long hours. Do you think...?"

"Yes, yes," Mahendranath responded excitedly. "I shall give it a try. I can start straight away as I had had a good rest all through the day. Will you show me the place?"

"That's fine, my good friend!" said the gate-keeper. "Come on, I shall take you to that part of the place. People seldom come that way."

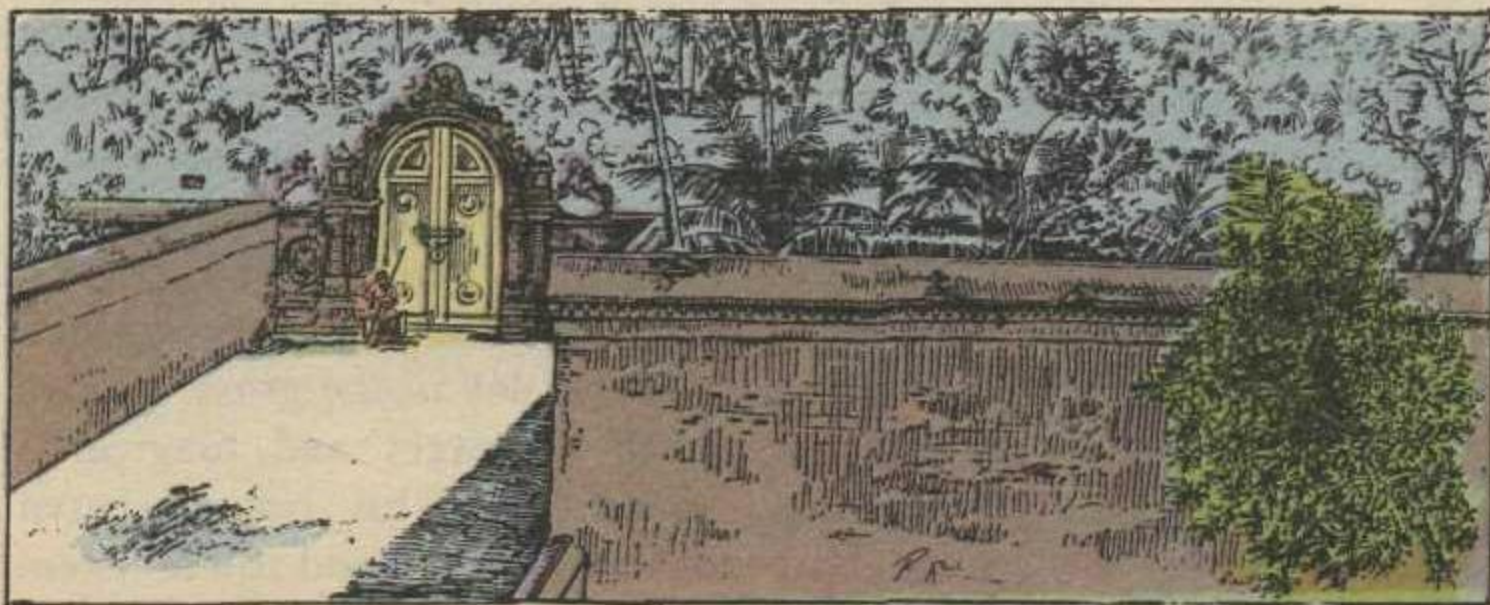
The gate-keeper lit a lantern and led Mahendranath along a winding path till they reached some steps which climbed down to another iron gate, heavily chained. From the gate, nothing much of the building could be seen. Mahendranath stationed

himself there. "There's nothing much to do here, so you may take it easy. I shall bring your food here and you can go back to the room after I come here and check up with you in the morning. Be alert!" He then went away.

A couple of hours later, the gate-keeper returned with some food for Mahendranath. "Here're the keys. Keep them safe, and don't let yourself out!" he said with a mischievous smile. "You'll only reach the jungle! Few know the route this side, so you'll have no callers."

After he had departed, Mahendranath wondered: he might not have any callers. But suppose someone inside wished to go out? If so, what should he do? Could he let her out? Anyway, he decided to remain alert.

**—To continue**





## THE SHEPHERD BOY AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS



**T**here was once a poor shepherd boy named Johan who lived with his stepmother. She was indeed a heartless lady and always grumbled to give her son even a morsel of food. So much wool she had, yet she never bothered to provide him with sufficient clothings during the cold winter. The helpless little boy suffered quietly without a word of complaint and tended the sheep on the green hills nearby.

One day, as Johan was looking for a lamb that had gone astray, he saw glittering in the sunshine a tiny shoe of the whitest and the clearest glass. He picked it up and had taken but a few steps when he found a little red cap, set round with silver frills. It was almost evening when he chanced to strike his foot against a golden bell that lay in the grass. It gave forth so sweet and magical a sound that all his sheep gathered in a while and stood still to listen.



The lost lamb, too, came gambolling, as if from nowhere and joined the flock.

It was getting late, and the shepherd boy walked fast homewards wondering who could be the owners of these little things he held in his hands. Suddenly he heard a faint sound of music, singing, and laughter. He strained both his ears and eyes and saw in the light of the moon, which had just risen over the hills, a strange sight. Beside the rippling streamlet and around a small flame danced and sang a host of wee little people.

'Ah! That must be the elfindance of the fairy tales. These things must surely belong to these elves,' thought Johan. So dropping on to his knees he gently asked, "Excuse me, little Friends, have you lost a glass shoe, a red cap, and a golden bell?"

The fanfare at once came to a standstill and in a chorus, which almost seemed like a whisper, they replied, "At last, the magical bell, shoe of glass, and the frilled cap of red have been found. Hurrah!"

Then Johan felt something



climbing onto his shoulder. On it stood the king of the elves with a flowing white beard touching his toes. "You have done us a good turn. We are grateful and in return you may ask for three wishes," he said, almost tickling the shepherd boy's ear.

Johan at once told the wishes that he had so often dreamt of, lying in his tumble-down hut. "I wish to be a king, and I wish to have a great palace and a very beautiful queen!"

"You've wished no trifle wishes!" said the old man. "Nevertheless, listen carefully to







what I've to tell you. Tomorrow when the owls have begun to hoot, follow that bright star twinkling in the sky. It will lead you to a royal palace. Take this pipe. If ever you fall into trouble, play a sweet strain and you shall receive help. Mind you, the greater the peril, the sweeter and sadder should be the tune. The use of the pipe is limited to three times only and no more."

Then, bidding farewell, the elf-king disappeared and Johan bent his steps homewards, rejoicing as he went along that soon he would be free from the clutches of his

cruel stepmother.

The following night he set forth according to the instructions of the old elf-king. The journey was arduous, over hills and dales. Thrice did the sun rise and thrice did it set and still he seemed to be far from his destination. At last on the fourth day, he came to a magnificent palace. He asked for some work and was taken to tend the royal sheep and cattle as the king was in need of a herd-boy. Soon, he came to be liked and respected by one and all as the wild wolves never managed to get a single animal from his custody.

Years passed by. Johan had now grown up into a handsome and vigorous young man. The princess of the realm, too, sprang into the fairest figure. In fact, Johan had met the princess on several occasions, when he was a boy and she a young girl. He had always been delighted to do so and one day, she had even requested him to take charge of her little white lamb and protect it from the wolves. But he was unaware that she was the king's daughter.

It so happened that one day,





the princess was missing and was nowhere to be found. There was great sorrow in the realm. The king finally made a proclamation that whosoever should recover his daughter shall not only win her hand but also half of the kingdom. A number of brave and gallant knights, princes and warriors set forth to find the lost princess. Alas, many never returned, but those who did, brought no tidings of her.

Johan drove the sheep to the pasture as usual, but it was in sadness that he did so, for the thought of the princess never left his mind. One night, the elfin king appeared in his dream and said, "Follow the direction of the Pole Star and there you will find whom you miss!"

Everyone laughed when the shepherd boy sought the king's consent to go and seek the princess. "How can a poor shepherd think of doing what so many brave princes and knights have failed to accomplish?" laughed everyone in the royal court. Nevertheless, the king gave him permission and wished him success in his mission.

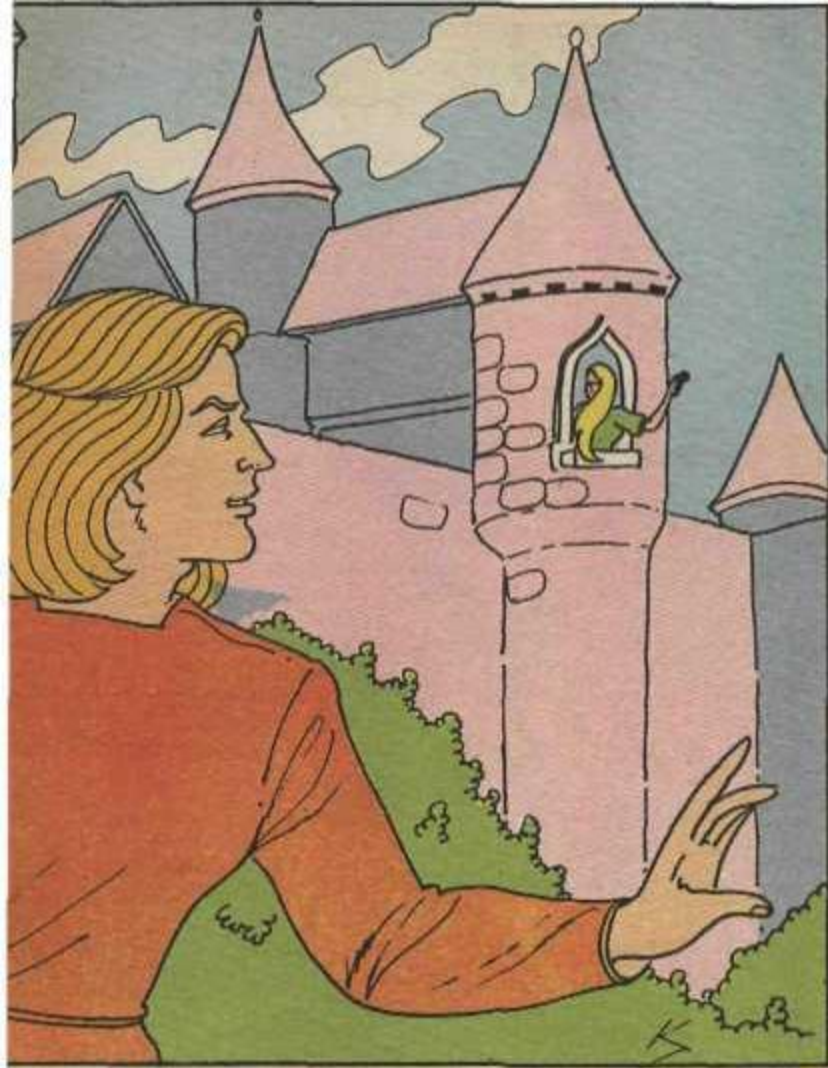
For several tedious days and



nights he travelled through dense forests, facing adventures. At last, he saw a white marble palace that stood on an island in the middle of a deep blue lake. He surveyed it and saw flowing from the window of one of its tall towers, lovely tresses of hair gleaming in the sunlight. He recognised them at once for they belonged to the lost princess. His heart leaped up in joy.

But how could he get there? The lake was full of ferocious crocodiles. He remembered the gift of the elves. Taking out the little pipe from his pocket, he





played a sad sweet tune. In a trice, there appeared before him an elfin boy with a red cap set round with silver frills. "What does thou wish of me?" he asked.

"I want to be taken across the lake to the marble palace yonder," he said.

"Hop on to my back," said the wee little being.

The youth did so, most hesitantly indeed! For the elf's back was not large enough even to carry his little finger! But in a moment he found himself riding a huge eagle which darted through the air and stopped not

till it reached its destination.

Johan stealthily made his way to the tower. He softly sang a song. The song that he used to sing often while he tended the royal flock of sheep. The princess did not fail to recognise his voice. She came to the window and waved her hands.

The sun had already set and it was a dark and moonless night. The shepherd once again blew on his pipe and summoned his elfin friend. With his help he ascended the tower and unbound the golden chains that had imprisoned the princess. They soon came down to the margin of the lake.

The elf-king rang the little golden bell and there stood before them the wee little damsel with the tiny glass shoes, which the shepherd had found in the grass. "Take them across to the other side," ordered her master.

The little girl at once changed herself into a beautiful white swan. It was large enough for the princess and the shepherd to sit on its back. "Mind you," cautioned the elf-king, "the princess must not be terrified whatever may happen. For, then, my





power will come to an end."

The swan began to float on the placid water and the crocodiles docily swam around it. For the golden bell that hung around the bird's neck produced its enchanting tune.

Meanwhile the giant, the master of the marble palace, was woken up by his magic mirror in which he saw his captive fleeing with a youth. Changing himself into a huge hawk he pursued them. The swan, upon hearing the loud clapping of the giant's wings close behind them, suddenly dived below the surface of the water. Terrified, the princess uttered a scream and the elf-king's charm was at an end. Seizing the two fugitives in his long talons, the giant returned to his island. He cast the brave deliverer into the deepest and the darkest dungeon of his castle and the princess into the tallest tower.

Johan was in great despair. Suddenly, he remembered that he can make use of the pipe once again, for the last time. He blew on it a lovely strain and indeed it was the saddest and the sweetest one. He saw a blue light in the darkness and the elf-king



appeared and greeted him. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" he asked.

"I wish to deliver the princess and take her safely to her father's arms," he replied.

The old man then led him through a secret passage into a spacious hall, which happened to be the giant's treasury. Taking out from a large wooden chest a suit of armour, resplendent with pure gold, he asked the youth to put it on. Then he hung a sword by his side and said, "The giant is destined to fall only by this sword and armour and no other power





on the earth can get rid of him." They then returned to the dungeon and Johan thanked the elf-king who, wishing him good luck, disappeared.

It was a day of festivities in the island kingdom. For, it was the day when the giant was to wed the fair princess and behead the captive young man. It was evening and time for the giant to conduct his bride-to-be to the court, where the guests had assembled to witness the two great events. He ordered his men to fetch the wretched prisoner in the dungeon.

But his men were awe-struck to find standing before them a bold and dazzling warrior instead of the simple shepherd. Frightened, they fled and Johan pursued them to the great gathering. He then addressed the giant very curtly, "Now get ready to duel

with me for thy fair bride!" He drew the sword which blazed like fire and blinded everyone for a moment. The giant at once, recognised the blade under which he was doomed to fall. Terror-struck, he tried to flee but the brave, golden-armoured knight in a flash severed his head.

Their return to their palace was smooth.

Amidst great rejoicings, the beautiful princess and the handsome shepherd wedded and they soon succeeded the old royal pair. Johan did not forget his stepmother in his happiness and fetched her to live with him.

When the full-moon shone in the sky, Johan the king and his queen often went to the grassy spot, beside the stream on the hill, and revelled with their elfin friends!

—Retold by Anup Kishore Das





## HOOPOE : REGAL YET FILTHY

The sun was harsh as King Solomon rode on his flying throne. Some vultures passing by refused to give him shade. He cursed them: they are even now without any feathers around their neck. A party of hoopoes came along and flew above him, protecting him from the sun. He offered a reward. They wished for a crest of gold. Solomon suggested a change. No, they wanted only a golden crest. The wish was granted. But the birds were cruelly killed for the gold. Solomon chastised them for being haughty and gave them a crest of feathers.

This crest is the most distinguishing feature of the hoopoe, which is the lone representative of the family *Upupidae* in India. Yet another feature is the black-and-white zebra markings on its back, wings, and tail. Otherwise, this 1-foot long bird is fawn-coloured. The fanshaped crest is retractable. While the bird digs in the soil for food, the crest is retracted and projects like a point behind the head. On being excited, the crest opens out like a fan and gives the bird a regal look. It has a long, thin, slightly curved bill looking like a nail-cutter. The bird lets out a soft musical call-*hoo-po* or *hoo-po-po* which has given it the name.

Hoopoe nests can be found in holes on walls and roofs, besides tree hollows, and are made up of filthy rags, hair, straw, and rubbish, all of which emit a stench. However, the bird is considered a farmer's friend, because it preys on agricultural pests.







# INDIA THROUGH HER LITERATURE

*India is a great country which has nurtured so many languages and so many cultures through the ages. Each major language of India has a rich literature. We know more or less about the great books of the past. But we know little about the outstanding books of our own times. In these pages, Chandamama will tell you the stories of the novels of our age, written in different Indian languages. The narration will be very brief, but we hope, this will inspire our readers to read the full book in original or in translation in the future.*

—Editor

## PARAJA: A STORY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE HILLS



Miles and miles of hills and forests in the district of Koraput, Orissa, have in them small villages. The dwellers are Parajas, Kondhs, and people of other tribes. As they are extremely simple and innocent, they are mercilessly exploited by some clever fellows from the so-called world of civilization.

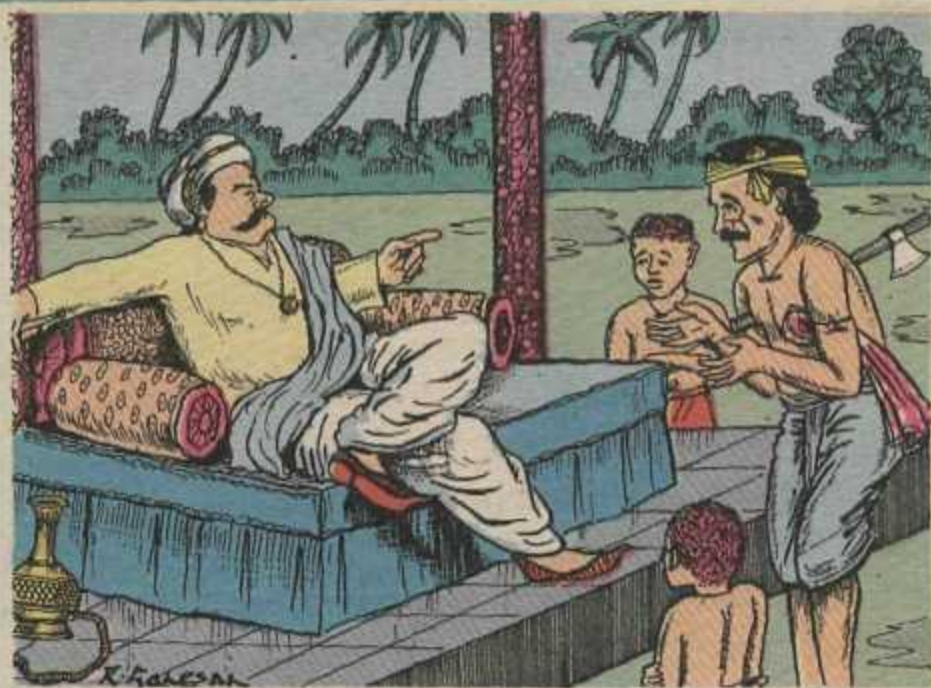
Sukru Jani is a poor Paraja. His wife, who had been carried away by a tiger, left behind two sons named Mandia and Tikra and two daughters named Jili and Bili.

Sukru incurred the wrath of a petty official and had to appease him with bribe.

For that, he had to borrow from a money-lender, who, is greedy and cruel. In lieu of the loan, he and his younger son had to “mortgage” themselves to the money-lender. They must work as slaves until they had paid up the money with compound interest. For many poor tribals that was never possible and they had to work all their life as slaves. The system was known as *Goti*.

Sukru's elder son, Mandia who was brewing liquor, was caught by the officials and he too had to bribe them, borrowing money from the same money-lender. Along with his father and younger brother, Mandia too





became a slave

The two girls went to work in a quarry.

Sukru calculated that they could never earn enough to buy their freedom. They mortgaged their plot of land with the money-lender and were set free.

Sukru brought the girls back home, but they had meanwhile grown accustomed to freedom. Jili, the elder girl, did not like to

remain confined to their hut. That is why, when the money-lender camped in their village and took a fascination for her, she began to meet him secretly.

But their relationship became public. Sukru was furious, but what could he do? A Paraja girl had enjoyed the freedom to go the way she liked. The proud money-lender led Jili to his headquarters, humiliating Sukru and his sons.

Mandia and Tikru, the two able-bodied sons of Sukru, at last earned enough to pay the money-lender his due. But the money-lender was not willing to part with the land because he had begun to cultivate orange on it. Sukru went to the court at Koraput. A date for the hearing was fixed. But bribed by the money-lender, the court officials gave Sukru a false date. By the time Sukru and his sons reached the town confident of winning the case, it had already been decided in the money-lender's favour.

The three hapless Parajas saw dark. They wept bitterly and went to meet the money-lender. They pleaded with him to be kind to them and return their land. But the money-lender called them names and kicked them and shamelessly announced, "I've enslaved only one of your girls. I will do the same to the other girl too!"

Suddenly the axe in Sukru's hand struck the villain at lightning speed. "You have usurped our land, but you cannot enjoy it!" shouted all the three. Jili came out, but fled in panic.

The three naive tribals proceeded to the police station, carrying with them the head of the money-lender.

"We've killed him. Deal with us as you ought to," they told the officer.

The officer gave out a cry of horror.

Gopinath Mohanty (1914-1991), the author of this Oriya novel, is considered the greatest novelist of the day in Oriya. He was the first Oriya writer to receive the Sahitya Akademi Award as well as the Jnanapith award.



# DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which is the temple town that lies between the two hills, Indragiri and Chandragiri?
2. Who founded Persia?
3. What great event took place on November 9, 1990?
4. Name of the emperor of Mongolia who conquered China?
5. When was Bangladesh created?
6. Who was the social reformer, who founded the Brahmo Samaj and fought against the pernicious custom of 'sati'?
7. What historic event was commemorated on October 12 this year?
8. Who are the Moplahs?
9. What is the national bird of the U.S.A.?
10. Who in Indian mythology died from an arrow that struck his heel?
11. Four seas are named after colours. Which are they?
12. How long is the world's longest rail line?
13. Who is the only woman to win the Nobel Prize twice?
14. Who invented the bi-focal lens (used in spectacles)?
15. What is the first UNESCO-sponsored international town? Where is it situated?

## ANSWERS

1. Saravanabelagola
2. Cyrus the Great—between 500 and 400 B.C.
3. The Berlin Wall, erected in 1961, between West and East Germany, was broken to symbolise the unification of the two Germans.
4. Kublai Khan
5. December 1971
6. Raja Ram Mohun Roy
7. The 500th anniversary of the landing of Christopher Columbus, in what later came to be called the Americas.
8. Muslims of the Malabar region of Kerala
9. The bald-headed eagle
10. Lord Krishna
11. White, Black, Red, and Yellow Sea
12. The Trans-Siberian rail road, from Moscow to Vladivastok—5,864 miles—taking in all 8 days to travel
13. Marie Curie
14. Benjamin Franklin
15. Auroville, in Pondicherry







New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

## LOVE, THE HEALER

**D**ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time, gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation grounds with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You're making untiring efforts and without respite as if you wish to achieve something. I admire your tenacity and courage. But that tenacity may lose its strength when circumstances change. There is a fine example of such a situation in the story of Kanakangi. You may listen to that story." The vampire began the narration thus:

Kanakangi was the beautiful







daughter of the King of Kalinga. Word about her beauty spread far and wide and several kings and princes from neighbouring countries sought her hand in marriage. Her father one day spoke to her about these offers. "Whosoever you think is the best suitor will be acceptable to me, too" Kanakangi told her father.

However, Kanakangi really wished to marry the Prince of Malwa. He was handsome and well-mannered. Though she did not reveal her desire to her father, the king had come to know of it and he, too, approved of the match. However, he

had some compulsions.

"My darling!" he called Kanakangi by his side one day. "I know that you wish to marry the Prince of Malwa. I'm really sorry, but it looks as though you have to wed the Prince of Anga, instead. That alone can save our kingdom from an attack by that country. The Prince is not only ugly to look at, but cruel as well. I'm really in a fix, my dear daughter."

Kanakangi was shocked at what her father had told her. When she realised how the king would have been forced to take such a decision, she agreed with his views. If she did not marry the Anga Prince, their kingdom would certainly be attacked and conquered; her parents might be imprisoned; and the people would be put to a lot of trouble. It was the duty of a king to protect his subjects, even forsaking the wish of a single person.

"Father, I value the safety of the kingdom and the welfare of the people, more than my own happiness," said Kanakangi. "You may go ahead with the preparations for the wedding." The king was overjoyed when he listened to his daughter. However, he was equally aware of his daughter's unhappiness and sorrow





Now, there lived in the forests of Chitra, in Kalinga, a wizard called Mayendra. He propitiated various gods and goddesses and secured from them several boons. His ambition was to become the lord of the universe. One of the goddesses appeared before him, one day, and told him that Kanakangi should herself willingly agree to marry him. Were he to force her into marriage, then he would lose all his powers and he would become an ordinary mortal, she warned him.

Mayendra went to meet Kanakangi. By his magic powers he was able to enter her chambers without the knowledge of anybody in the palace. She was then fast asleep. He was struck by her beauty. She woke up at dawn and was horrified to see a stranger in her room. "Don't be afraid. I've come to seek your hand," Mayendra announced the purpose of his visit.

"I'm a princess," Kanakangi reminded him. "And you're a mere magician. I won't marry a magician."

"Don't dare reject my proposal!" said Mayendra harshly. "If I want, mind you, I can even shift the whole palace with you inside, to wherever I wish. It would, therefore, be better



if you accept me and go with me as my wife. I assure you, you will be happy. And if you don't accept me, I'll wreak vengeance on you and destroy the entire kingdom."

Kanakangi found herself in a dilemma. She realised that the man was really capable of carrying out his threat. She thought for a while. "All right, if you want me to marry you, you must agree to three conditions. And if you don't agree to them, I shall take my life."

Mayendra then remembered what the goddess had told him—that he should not force Kanakangi and she should willingly agree to accept him.





He became wise and agreed to fulfil her conditions. "Let me hear them."

"The people of this kingdom belong to two religious groups and are often at loggerheads with each other. I want them to forget all differences and be united."

"That'll be done. What is the other condition?" asked Mayendra.

"My father has several officials to carry out his orders," explained Kanakangi, "but all his welfare schemes are not reaching the people. Evidently, some of these officials are corrupt. The king has not been able to identify them. You must find them out and see that they stop their

evil ways."

Even before Mayendra could remind her, Kanakangi came out with her third condition. "The Prince of Anga is one of my suitors, but he is very cruel. He has warned us that if I were to reject him, he would destroy our kingdom. So, it's your job to convert him to be a good person. Are you ready to fulfil all these conditions?"

Mayendra was pensive for some time. "You seem to be in a predicament, O Princess!" he observed. "In such a state, how can you agree to marry me?"

"If I can save my country," said Kanakangi, "by marrying the cruel Prince of Angada, I'll even agree to that. I'm ready to sacrifice anything—even my personal happiness—for the sake of the kingdom, for the welfare of the people. If that be so, why can't I marry you, provided you fulfil my conditions?"

"All right," said Mayendra. "I shall fulfil all that you want and then come back. Till then, you should wait for me and not marry anyone else. You wear this necklace and never take it off. Nobody will even touch you, because the necklace will then take the form of a snake." He himself put the necklace on



Kanakangi and departed.

Mayendra went back to his abode in the forest and worshipped his favourite gods and goddesses. They appeared before him, when he explained the three conditions set by Princess Kanakangi. "Whatever magic powers and *mantras* that you had asked for, we've already given you. What you now ask of us is beyond our own powers. We advise you to propitiate the Goddess of Love—as it is only through love that you can bring unity among the people, reform the corrupt, and remove evil thoughts from human beings." The gods and goddesses thus expressed their inability, but suggested a way out.

Mayendra thought for a long while, analysing his own acts and deeds and way of behaviour. He went into long meditation as a penance, and when the form of the Goddess of Love came to his mind, he started her worship. She appeared before him and said, "Unless you've Love in you, you won't be able to achieve your wish. You've been indulging in evil thoughts and deeds, to achieve your selfish motives. It may take some days even to reform you. You'll have to bide your time, but I shall help you."



Mayendra went out among the people and weaned them to his side with the help of his wizardry. The people were left with wonder on witnessing his magic powers. They looked at him with awe and reverence. He was able to solve their problems and thus endeared himself to them. While the people forgot their differences among themselves, Mayendra too was observing changes in him. His mind was filled with spiritual thoughts which he shared with the people. "There's only one God. Religion came into being only to take people nearer to God. In unity lies all our strength," he told





them.

Among those who went to listen to his discourses were the officials appointed by the king. They, too, became his devotees and desisted from acts of corruption.

Mayendra's name and fame spread to other countries. The Prince of Anga came to Kalinga to invite him to his kingdom. Mayendra accepted the invitation as he realised that the Prince did no longer nourish any thoughts of attacking Kalinga. Now was the time to pay another visit to Kanakangi, he decided.

The moment she saw Mayendra

in the palace, she fell at his feet. "You're no wizard or magician. You're God who has taken human form. For my sake, you went all out to do a lot of good things. I'm really fortunate."

Mayendra sprang a surprise on her. "Kanakangi, I've come here today not with the desire of marrying you. I want to take back the necklace and give you the freedom to marry anyone whom you like."

"You mean to say you don't like me? You don't love me?" asked Kanakangi, unbelievably.

"I had a desire to marry you while I was only a magician," he said, his face brightening up. "Now, I feel I've acquired more of spiritual powers than human desires. That's why I say, you should marry whoever you have given a place in your heart and lead a happy life." Mayendra himself removed the necklace from Kanakangi and left the palace after blessing her.

The vampire concluded the story there and turned to King Vikramaditya. "Mayendra was bent upon marrying Kanakangi and made all efforts to fulfil her conditions. But these efforts were at the same time taking him away from the princess. Why did he decline







Kanakangi's offer to marry him? If you know the answer and still refuse to tell me that, your head will be blown to pieces."

Vikramaditya had a ready reply. "In the beginning, Mayendra was ambitious that he should marry the most beautiful princess and become the lord of the universe. But he forgot his ambition and lost his arrogance once he learnt from the goddess what is Love. He was able to realise the feelings of the people and recognise their wishes. He felt

that it was only fair if he gave freedom to Kanakangi to choose her suitor. That was a righteous act. When he extended his love and affection to all people, he discarded his own desire for power and glory. Hence his decision."

The vampire knew that the king had outwitted him. He gave him the slip and flew back to the ancient tree, taking the corpse along with him. Vikramaditya drew his sword and went after the vampire.

Mohan stopped the car at the traffic signal, but was unable to start it when the light turned green. Soon it was red again, followed by amber. Apparently the car had got stalled. The honking of the vehicles behind brought the traffic constable to the scene. He asked, "Hey Mister, what's the matter? Haven't we got any colours that you like?"





## A Friend In Need

Animal tails often serve as fly swatters—especially the long tails. When an animal finds that its tail cannot reach some parts of the body, it goes in search of a friend; and they stand close together so that each one's tail can drive away the fleas bothering the other animal. Normally the 'friend' will be from the same 'community'

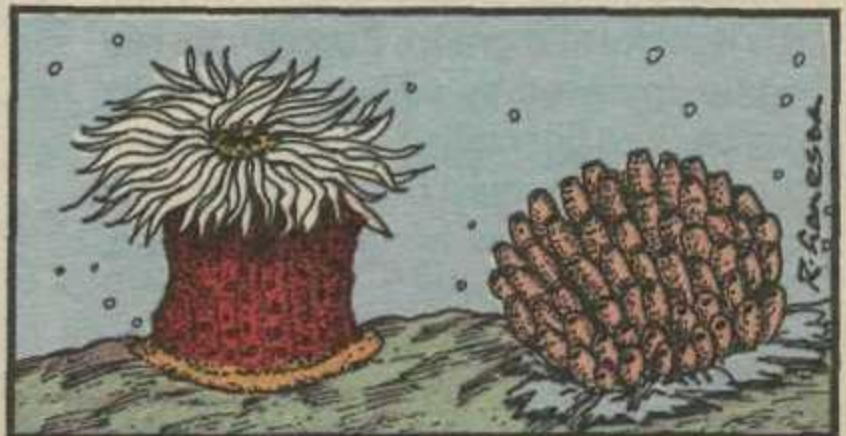
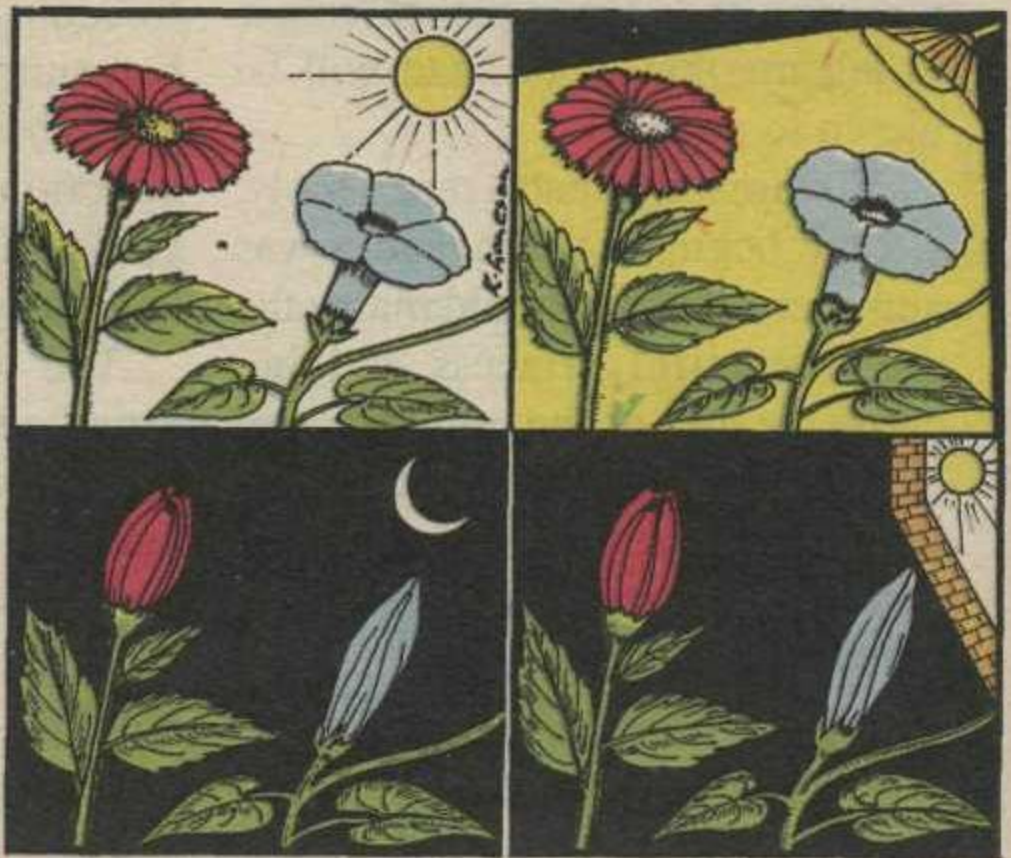
## Good Night, But It's Day!

Just as we wake up in the morning and go to sleep at night, some plants too have a waking and sleeping pattern. Their flowers open up in daylight and close when it gets dark. It cannot, therefore, be strange that they do this "exercise" when they are exposed to artificial light at night or kept in a dark room during the day—the flowers open up and close, respectively.

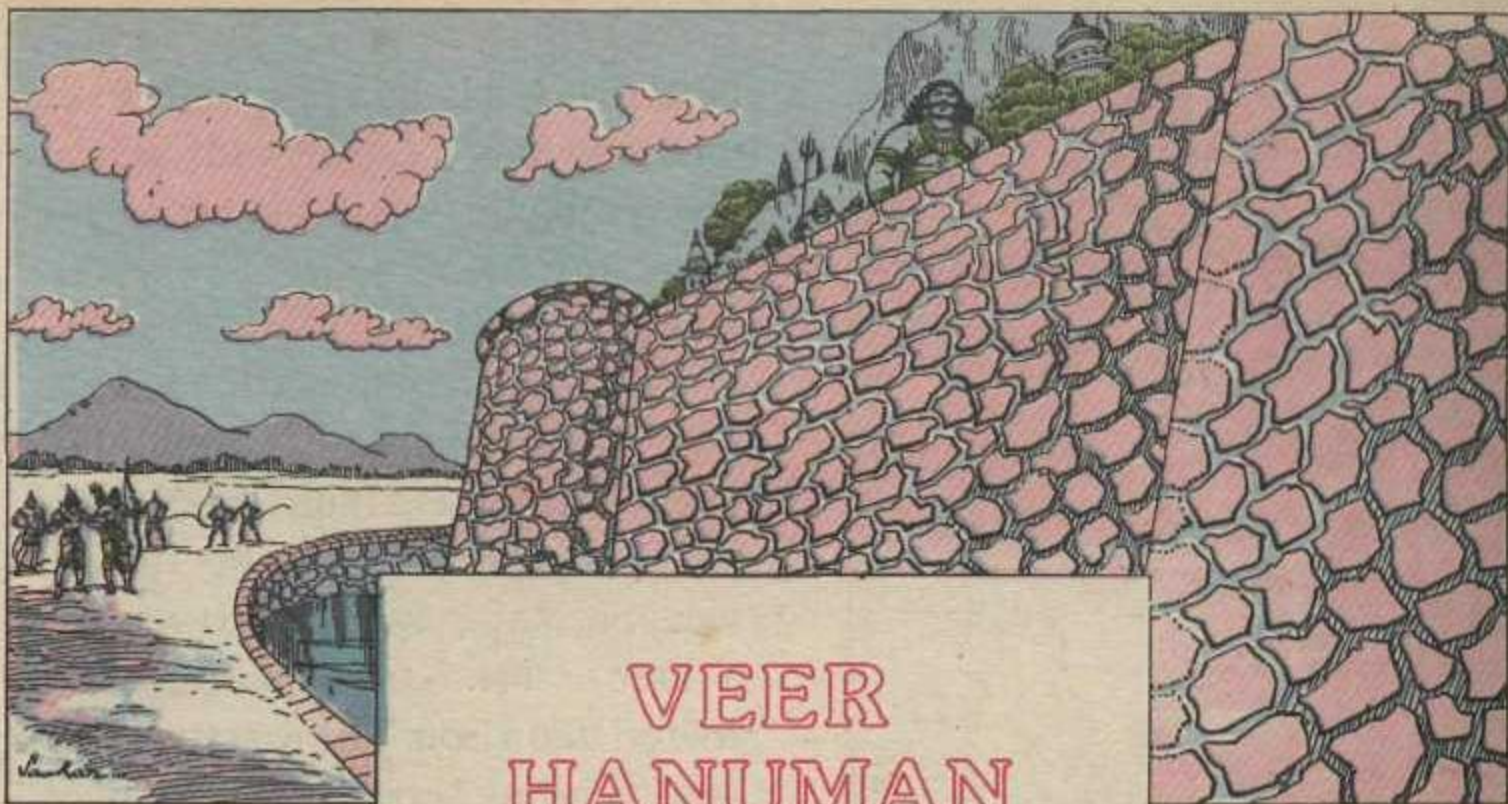
## Long (er) Life

Man is among the living beings who enjoy a long life. However, there are some who live longer than man. For example, sea-anemone, which can live for centuries. Sponges, too, seem to be ageless creatures. Specimens of both these kept in laboratories have remained "alive" for over a hundred years. The secret of their long life is, those parts which "die" can regrow.

## THE WORLD OF NATURE







## VEER HANUMAN

26

*(Ravana is in a dilemma; most of his commanders, including his sons, have fallen in the battlefield. He now has to depend on his brother, Kumbhakarna, and sends for him. Kumbhakarna, who has been sleeping for six months and has, therefore, been unaware of all that was happening to and in Lanka, is woken up with great difficulty. He vows to go to his brother's help, save his name and save Lanka. However, he has a word of advice to Ravana...)*

**A** determined Kumbhakarna started for the palace of Ravana, after promising to save Lanka from the Vanara army and annihilating Rama, Lakshmana, Sugriva and other Vanara leaders. His confident strides inspired the soldiers of Lanka, who now got ready to fight under Kumbhakarna's orders. Some of them hurried to inform Ravana of

his brother's presence in the palace.

Some of the Vanara soldiers, who had only heard of Kumbhakarna and his exploits, now watched with awe the Rakshasa leader's stately movements. They were convinced that he must be a mighty warrior and it would be very difficult to overpower him, or stand against his strength. They cried aloud, "Oh!

### THE INVINCIBLE KUMBHAKARNA







Kumbhakarna is awake!"

When Rama saw the Vanara soldiers retreating from the battlefield, he asked Vibhishana, "Who's this Kumbhakarna? Why are our soldiers so afraid of him?"

"Kumbhakarna is my elder brother," Vibhishana began a description of the Rakshasa hero, "younger to Ravana. He once defeated Yama himself—the king of the demons—and is, therefore, considered the mightiest among the Asuras. Unlike many others, he did not acquire his strength through boons from gods. He was born with all the strength that he now has. In

fact, that is his bane as well. Even when he was a little child, he was always hungry and so would not spare any living being. Everybody was afraid of him."

Vibhishana continued his account of Kumbhakarna. "Complaints about him went to Indra. The lord of the Devas hit him with his famous weapon, Vajrayudha. But it was just a breeze for Kumbhakarna, who roared like a lion. The roar reverberated, sending shock waves all over. Kumbhakarna then broke the tusk of Indra's mount, the elephant Airavata. He caught hold of one of the pieces and went after Indra. The lord assembled all the Devas and approached Lord Brahma himself. Brahma sent for the Asuras and when he saw Kumbhakarna among them, he, too, was afraid of him. 'Kumbhakarna! People like you are harmful to the world,' he addressed Kumbhakarna. 'Was it to bring evil to the world that you were given birth to? To prevent you from doing any more harm, to anybody, I'm cursing you to suffer from sleep months and months together!'

"The next moment, Kumbhakarna slumped in front of Brahma and began snoring," Vibhishana continued his narration. "Ravana was









watching all these. So, he fell at the feet of Brahma. 'Lord, you shouldn't have cursed Kumbhakarna like that. After all, you know very well that he worships you. You must give him some reprieve. As his elder brother, I beseech you.' Brahma's heart melt. 'All right,' he said, 'he shall sleep for six months and the next six months he'll be awake.' So, when he wakes up, he'll be full of hunger and thirst. He must then see before him all sorts of food. He would first eat and drink all that, only then will he get up. He must have just woken up after a six-month slumber. Our Vanara soldiers will not withstand his might. He'll

catch all of them in one grasp and swallow them."

After he had listened to Vibhishana, Rama asked the Vanara commander, Neela, to get ready to face Kumbhakarna.

On reaching the palace, Kumbhakarna straight away went to Ravana's chambers. It was for the first time that he was seeing his brother in such deep sorrow. Ravana rushed to embrace his brother. "What happened to you, my dear brother?" asked Kumbhakarna. "Tell me. Isn't it my duty to share my brother's grief?"

"Rama is the lone cause of my worry," explained Ravana. "He's here with Sugriva and his Vanara army to fight with us. Several of our soldiers and commanders have already lost their lives on the battlefield. Even my sons haven't been able to subdue Rama. That's why I sent for you. Go and fight them, and come back victorious after saving Lanka!"

"Brother, hadn't I warned you earlier that we would be in trouble?" Kumbhakarna chided Ravana. "If only we had taken the advice of Vibhishana and sent back Sita, we wouldn't have come to this pass. But you were not agreeable to his





suggestion."

Ravana was angry with his brother. "I had called you not to give me any advice."

"As your brother I've every right to put wisdom in you," protested Kumbhakarna. "Whether you want to accept it or reject it is your prerogative. You don't have to worry about the enemy. I shall kill Rama and Lakshmana and wipe out the entire Vanara army and come back victorious. We both may have differences, but we're one when faced with disaster."

Mahodara was listening to the brothers' conversation. "Even Ravana's sons haven't been able to kill Rama. Do you think you're going to succeed? You've no idea of his strength. Anyway you'll soon experience it yourself."

Kumbhakarna did not like the sneer on Mahodara's face. He stared at the commander, but Mahodara disregarded Kumbhakarna's anger and turned to Ravana. "As we are fully aware of Rama's strength, let's think of some other strategy. Why not we announce that we've already killed Rama? And let's arrange for a celebration. That should upset Sita."

"It's advices and suggestions like this that have already brought harm



to my brother," murmured Kumbhakarna. "Before we kill Rama and annihilate his army, we've to remove dunces like you, Mahodara. Anyway, I'm on my way to save all of you."

Ravana tried to lighten the situation. "This Mahodara here easily gets excited at the very mention of Rama's name. And the word 'battle' will make him run to take shelter. That's why he always thinks of shortcuts. Who else do I have to fight for me, my dear brother? You get ready and come back victorious. Glory be to you!"

Kumbhakarna carried only a







shining trident with him, and no other weapon. "I shall go all alone; I don't need the help or escort of anybody. Let me see how many Vanara soldiers will become my prey." He swung the trident this way and that and challenged the Vanara army.

"Don't go alone, Kumbhakarna!" cautioned Ravana. "You may have enough strength to kill Rama and vanquish the Vanara army. Still, you must take an army with you. We can't take anything for granted." He put a *tilak* on the forehead of Kumbhakarna and helped him wear his armour. Kumbhakarna then bowed before his brother and took

his blessings. He led an army as advised by Ravana.

"Those monkeys won't do any harm to us," Kumbhakarna told his soldiers so as to infuse some courage in them. "Do they know what fighting is? They were enticed by Rama and Lakshmana to go with them to Lanka. They are only sacrificing the monkeys for their personal ambition. Let's meet the Vanara leaders first!"

The Rakshasa army approached the battlefield like a huge ocean wave. Some of the Vanara soldiers took fright and ran away. Kumbhakarna enjoyed the sight and encouraged his own soldiers.

"Why are you afraid of them?" Angada halted the Vanara soldiers. "Don't you have courage to fight them? Haven't we fought all the other Rakshasa leaders and vanquished them one by one? Where has that bravery now disappeared? Once on the battlefield, you must fight with courage. Only then will victory be ours. Beware, the Rakshasas may resort to magic and wizardry. Kumbhakarna is one such Rakshasa. But we won't be afraid of him. Come on, forward!"

The Vanaras retraced their steps and moved to meet the Rakshasa



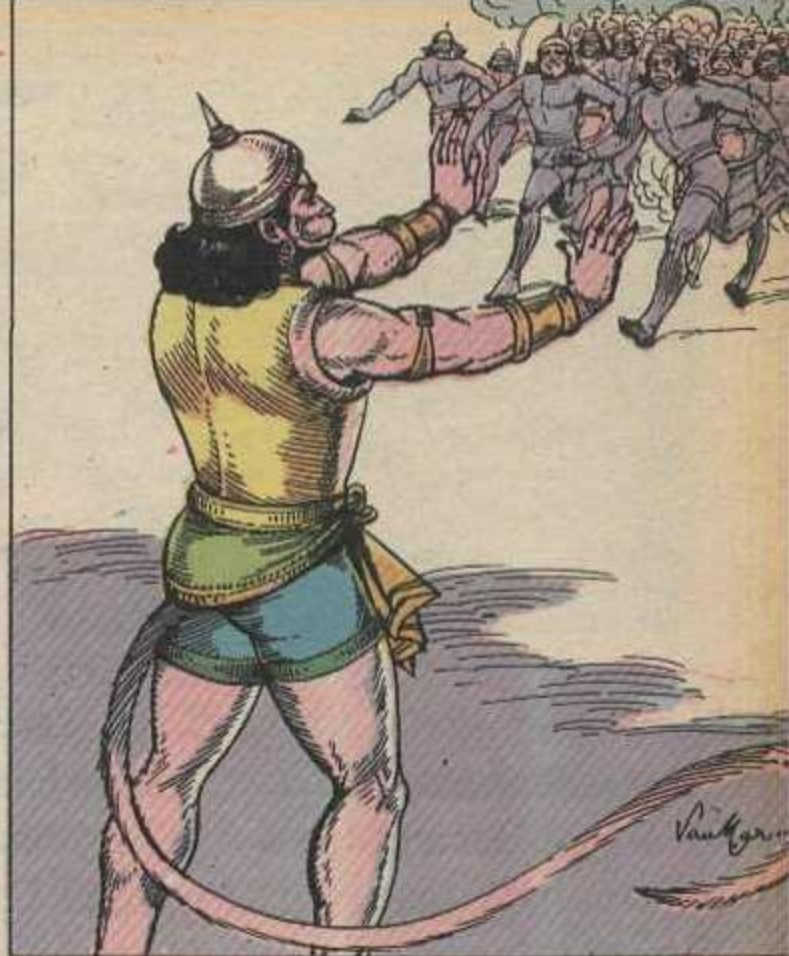


army. The soldiers were now full of enthusiasm. They caught hold of whatever came to their hands—boulders, stones, trees—and fought the Rakshasas in full vigour. They did not spare Kumbhakarna. Their attack was so sudden that he was caught unawares. But he did not stumble in his steps. He killed many Vanara soldiers.

On seeing this, the Vanaras again took to their heels. Angada stopped them. "What foolishness! In battle, there'll be both defeats and victories. Now that you've come all the way here to fight, it doesn't behove you to run away without offering a fight. It's our duty to fight till the finish. We shall certainly be victorious."

The Vanara soldiers once again fought with enthusiasm. Now, Hanuman came there and prodded them with words of encouragement. He led Rishabha, Sarabha, Mainda, and other commanders to attack Kumbhakarna.

He was, in the meanwhile, not only killing Vanaras, but whoever he could catch in his arms went into his wide mouth. Dwitiya took hold of a huge boulder and aimed it against Kumbhakarna. It did not fall on him. But it fell on several Rakshasa sol-



diers who were crushed under its weight. Many horses, too, were caught beneath the boulder.

Dwitiya tried a second time, and the boulder missed its aim. Hanuman saw this and flew over Kumbhakarna showering stones and trees on him. Kumbhakarna evaded all of them by swinging his trident. Hanuman got very angry. He pulled out a larger boulder and threw it at Kumbhakarna. He was hit, and was shaken for a while, but he continued to fight. He aimed his trident at Hanuman and it went and pierced his chest. Hanuman cried aloud before falling down unconscious.







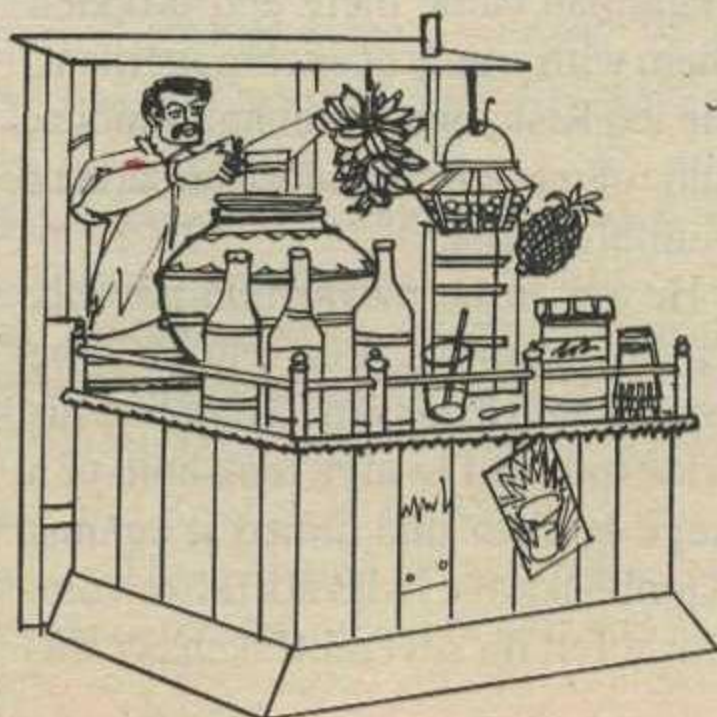
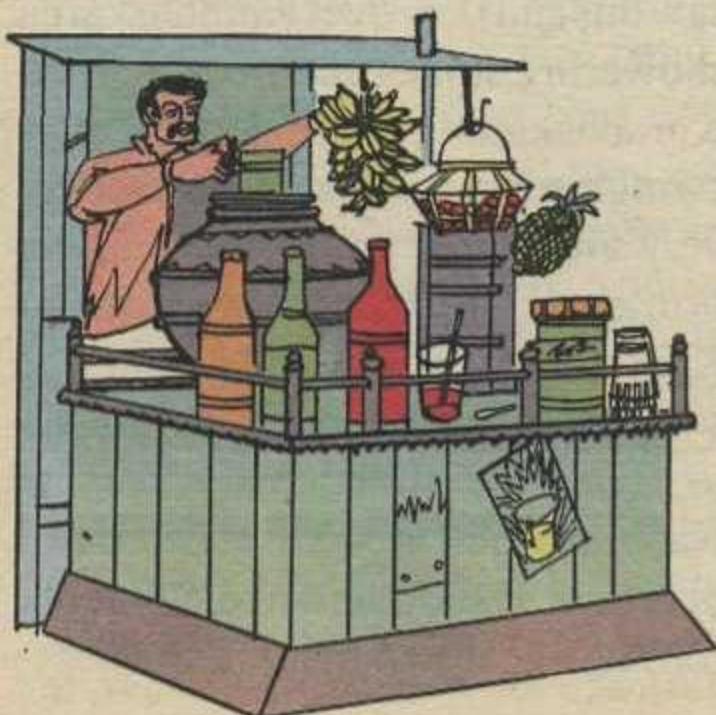
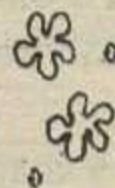
Neela went forward to attack Kumbhakarna. He, too, caught hold of a boulder and threw it at Kumbhakarna, who shattered it to pieces. The Vanara leaders then lined up in a row

to attack Kumbhakarna. They made all sorts of attempts to fell him but to no avail. Victory appeared to be always with Kumbhakarna.

*(To continue)*



## WONDER WITH COLOURS







## THE STREAM OF LIFE

In the last issue of your magazine, you read some important facts about water and how important it is in the constitution of our home—the earth. Like light and air and earth and ether, water is a primary stuff from which life emerged.

Water is present in the earth in many forms. It is stored underground; it is there as huge chunks of ice or snow; it surrounds the lands as oceans; it is there as lakes and ponds, and it also flows as rivers.

All these modes of water are equally important for us for different reasons. However, when we look at the history of civilisations, we see that it was on the banks of great rivers that human settlements were possible, culture and commerce grew, and poetry and philosophy were born. Like blood running through our veins and sustaining us, rivers run across continents and sustain civilisations.

Indians looked upon the rivers as goddesses or mothers. They saw the presence of divine beings behind the rivers and worshipped them. But in modern times people seem to have given up this attitude. This has done us terrible harm. Rivers have been polluted, defiled, and abused. Factories set up on the river-banks discharge their chemical waste and other kinds of filth into the rivers. As the forests at the source of the rivers are destroyed, rocks and soil get loose and flow along with the stream. That raises the level of the river-bed. As a result, during rains, the river cannot contain all the extra water it gets. So, we have more floods and the havoc caused by them.

Forget about all the other uses of the river. Innumerable human beings and animals depend on the river for their drinking water! What moral right has anybody to make them drink polluted water?

It will prove dangerous to our health if the blood in our veins is poisoned. The polluted river water poses the same kind of danger to our earth.

Advise and help everybody you know, who have factories on the river-bank or who ply power-boats or who deal with the rivers in other ways, to take such measures so that they do not pollute the rivers. Always raise your voice against felling of trees.



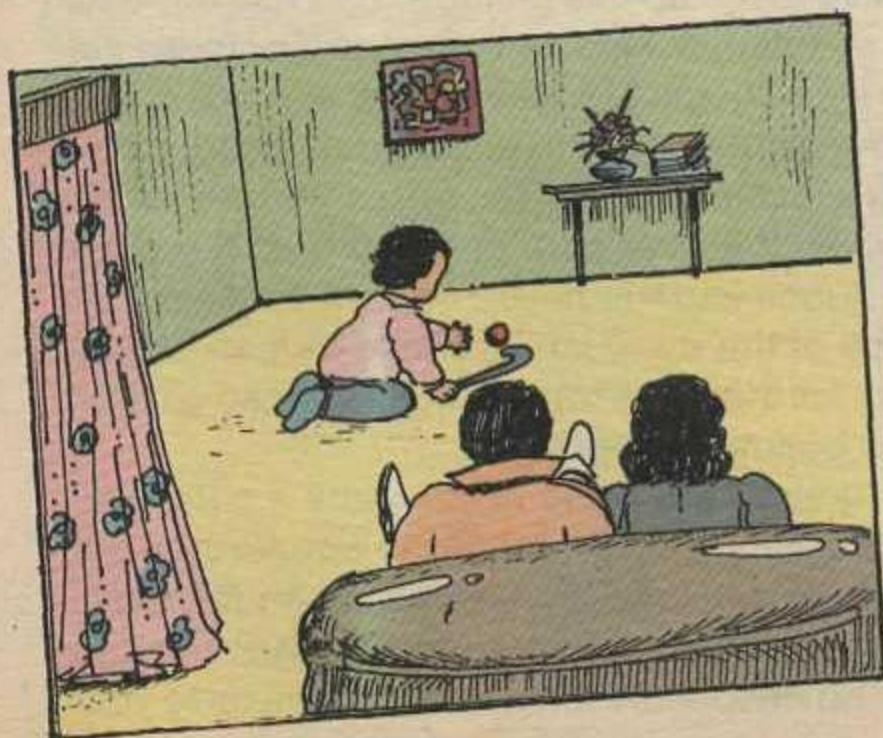


## FROM 'WATERLOO' TO WORLD RECORD

Newspaper headlines screamed 'Bubka meets his Waterloo' when this 30-time world champion pole vaulter left Barcelona in humiliation, as reported in our previous issue. For Sergei Bubka breaking world records seemed a mere child's play! But before the world's sigh died down, this Ukrainian athlete showed his grit by setting his 15th outdoor record at Padua, Italy, on August 30, by clearing 6.12 metres. No, he did not stop there. A mere 20 days later, he made it 6.13 metres at the Toto International Meet in Japan. This was his 32nd world record since 1984. Among the 16 records indoors is one in which he had already cleared 6.13 metres. At every meet, he raises the height by 1 cm!



## A FAMILY TRADITION



It all started with Erwin Keller of Germany, who won a hockey Silver medal in the 1936 Berlin Olympics (the gold went to India). His son, Carsten Keller, was in the German team which beat Pakistan to win the gold in the Munich Games in 1972. His son, Andreas Keller, played for Germany in the Barcelona final, beating Australia. Andreas's wife Anke Wild, was



in the German women's hockey team which won the silver at Barcelona, losing the final to Spain. Their son, Felix, is only 16 months old. But the parents have already given him a tiny hockey stick, with which he hits "hockey balls, parents, and everything," to quote father Andreas. But the ambitious parents are just waiting for the day when they can see their darling son play hockey and win an Olympic medal.

## RECORD IN THREE DAYS

Moses Kiptanui of Kenya broke the world record twice within a week, in two different events. On August 16, he set a record in 3,000 metres

clocking 7 min. 28.96 seconds, in Cologne, Germany. It was in the same place that Said Aouita of Morocco had made the world mark, 7:29.45 three years ago. Kiptanui's second record came three days later



in Zurich, when he clocked 8:02.08 in the 3,000m steeplechase. The earlier record was with compatriot Peter Koech, 8:05.53 seconds.

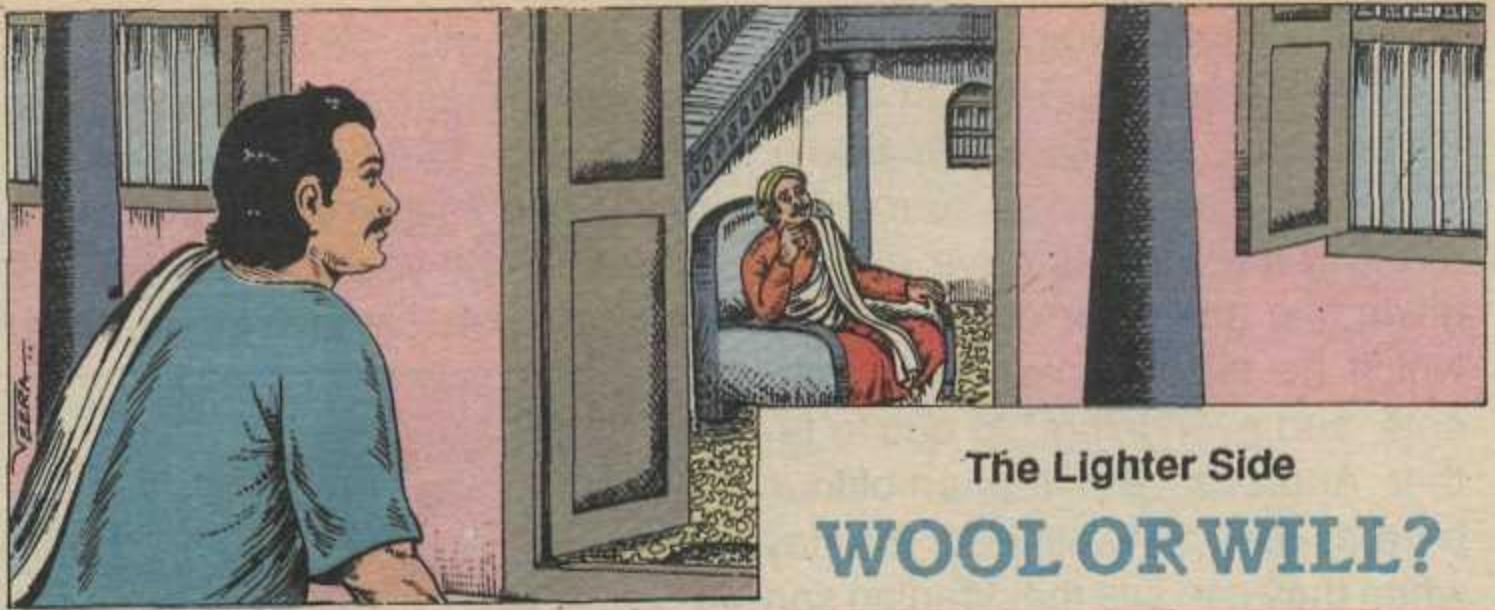


U.S.A.'s Dan O'Brien scored 8,891 points in decathlon to set a world record in Talence, France, on September 5 putting into pale 8,847 points earned by Daley Thompson of Britain in the 1984 Los Angeles Games.

## FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

Here are two more recent world records: Olympic champion Chris Boardman covered 5km in outdoor cycling in 5 min, 38.083 sec in Leicester on August 22. He had won for Britain its first cycling gold, after 72 years, in Barcelona.





## The Lighter Side **WOOL OR WILL?**

**D**harmavira was a prosperous merchant of Kashmir. He used to make good profits in his business, yet he was not quite happy and contented, so much so he spent sleepless nights.

One day, his friend called on him. Harichand came from a very ordinary family. However, he was satisfied with whatever he had and was, therefore, happy. He never suffered from sleeplessness. Dharmavira wondered what could be the secret of his friend's contentment. He told Harichand how restless he was at night and what agony he was passing through.

Harichand smiled. "I know very well why you're not getting any sleep, my good friend," he said. "Take my advice. Leave your business for some months and take rest. And if you find time hanging heavy, engage yourself in some useless work. "I'm sure you'll then enjoy good sleep."

"I'm afraid I won't be able to do that, Hari," said Dharmavira, regretfully. "Whatever I do must give me some return. Before I take up anything, I normally find out the possible profits and losses. When that be the case, how can I think of leaving my business?"

"That shouldn't be such a problem," Harichand persisted. "There's no need for you to earn any more money. All that you've made is sufficient for the next five or six generations in your family. Think up something to while away your time. And don't look into its profits and losses."

As they were discussing the proposition, they heard some animals passing that way making loud noises. "What is that?" queried Harichand.

"Oh! That's another headache!" wailed Dharmavira. "This is an everyday affair here. Sheep and goats!





What else? They've made it a habit to run along the street, making all kinds of noises. Can't help suffering this nuisance. I tell you, Hari, I'm really fed up. Please save me from all this!"

Harichand thought for a while. "I think I've found something quite suited to you. You forget your business and sit in the portico here from morning till evening counting the number of sheep that pass this way. Instead of counting notes, you'll be counting goats, that's all. You'll find it equally interesting. And I assure you, you'll get good sleep," said Hari, as he got up to leave.

A couple of days later, Harichand called on his friend again. He was expecting to see Dharmavira not only happy but sleeping soundly. He was wrong. Dharmavira was his old self, looking miserable. What should be bothering him now? thought Harichand, bewildered. After all, he had only to count sheep. "Didn't you do as I advised, Dharmavira?" he asked of his friend. "Then, why this worried look?"

"I did just as you wanted me," responded Dharmavira. "I sat in the portico and counted the sheep. Then I had a doubt whether I had counted correctly. So, I followed the animals



to the grazing ground and made a count—not once but thrice. It was only then that I found that I had not gone wrong. There were a thousand animals."

"What do you mean?" Harichand could not believe his ears. "Did you say a thousand sheep?"

"Yes. And they would give at least four thousand pounds of wool," replied Dharmavira confidently.

Harichand was surprised. "I had only asked you to count the sheep and not how much wool they would yield," he pulled up his friend.

"There are quite a few people here who knit wool," said Dharmavira casually. "If I could give





them the wool, they would spin some three thousand pounds of wool thread. And if I sell it, I would earn a net profit of one lakh rupees. I was contemplating whether I should bargain for the wool."

Harichand became impatient. "Stop it! If you engage yourself in such thoughts, how will you get any sleep at all? I now have a good idea of what you are suffering from. When I asked you to count the animals, you thought of making a business out of the proposition. Now, you won't have any sleep until you buy the wool, convert it to thread, and have garments made of it. That was not the purpose for which I asked you to count the sheep!" Harichand sounded really desperate.

Dharmavira listened to his friend in silence. "Mind you, all the sheep that walk this street are not yours," remarked Harichand. "So there's no point in estimating how

much wool they yield, how much thread the wool would give, and how much profit you would make. This is how you get your worries from your business, too. Your business is giving you a lot of worry and botheration. You alone can solve these problems, and no one else. I tried my best to save you, but I failed. I now wash my hands off your problem!"

"You've mistaken me, my good friend," said Dharmavira. "You did tell me how I can enjoy good sleep. I'm going to abide by your advice." He smiled.

"Oh! So, you've at last found a medicine for your ailment?" said Harichand with a sneer. "And, tell me how much profit will you earn from that?"

Dharmavira took hold of his friend's hand and told him in whispers, "I'm handing my business over to my sons. After that, I can sleep away to glory!"





# Salesmanship

Veerayya's footwear shop had a good location—facing a crossroad—which none would miss; naturally, he expected some good business. It was so in the beginning, but gradually it waned. He wondered why many people did not step into his shop or if ever they did, why they went away without buying even a pair. They found that the slippers and sandals in the shop were either too small or too big for their feet. No wonder they went away disappointed. If this went on for some days, Veerayya feared, he might have to close shop for ever. He thought of devising ways to improve his business.

One day, he received a customer, who selected two pairs and wished to try them on his feet. Somehow he felt that they were too tight and was about to go. Veerayya stopped him. "Sir, these are leather sandals, and so may take a few days to loosen. I feel you should take them." The man was struck by Veerayya's argument. "All right, I shall take one pair." He paid for the pair, took the packet, and went away.

A little later, another person came with his little son. "I want to buy a pair for him," said the man. Veerayya showed them a couple of pairs and the boy tried them out. "Father, they're loose. They don't stay on my feet."

The man was about to go away with his son, when Veerayya suggested, "Sir, they may be loose now. But in a few days, your son will find them comfortable. After all, he's growing day by day, isn't he?"

The man appeared convinced by Veerayya's argument. "All right, I shall buy one pair."

As father and son left his shop, Veerayya wondered whether he had not already learnt salesmanship.







## No Favouritism

In Melegram village, Mangalam was a fairly well-to-do woman. She became a widow rather early in life, when she was hardly thirty. She had two sons and a daughter and brought them up single-handed. When they grew up, she found a bridegroom for her daughter and conducted her marriage with due paraphernalia. Soon, her sons found brides for themselves and she received both daughters-in-law with a lot of affection.

The eldest son had two boys, while a son and a daughter were born to her younger son. The daughter gave birth to a baby girl. Mangalam loved all her five grandchildren much more than her own two sons and daughter. The children also loved their grandmother, and would seldom part from her.

The two sons discussed their children's education as they grew

up. "That should not worry you at all," Mangalam told them. "I'm taking that responsibility on myself. I shall go with them to the town, where they can be admitted to one of the good schools. I shall look after their studies and take care of their health as well."

Her sons were happy when she disclosed her plans. She took the three boys and the girl to the nearby town, rented a house, and admitted them to a good school. A few days later, Mangalam's daughter and son-in-law went to her along with their daughter, and suggested that the girl, too, should stay with her grandmother and cousins and pursue her studies in a town school, as the schools in their village were mediocre. Mangalam readily agreed to the suggestion.

However, there came about a sudden change in her attitude. The





five children would sit together for their meal when the grandmother served food. She would always put a little extra on the plate of her daughter's daughter. The other four children were upset over this partiality on the part of their grandmother, but as they were afraid of her, they kept quiet.

Mangalam's elder son's boy, Sekhar, was an exception. He believed that his grandmother was impartial and innocent of any favouritism. When vacation came and the children rejoined their parents, he alone was all praise for his grandmother, while his brother and two cousins were full of grievances

about her.

Mangalam's elder daughter-in-law was horrified. "This is really unfair - that your mother gives an extra helping of everything only to her daughter's daughter, and not to our children! They're also her grandchildren, aren't they?" she complained to her husband.

Their son, Sekhar, happened to overhear this. "Mother, they seem to have misunderstood grandmother's attitude. She serves food to my cousin in our presence, and she gives enough to all of us. Where then is any favouritism?"

"That's what I too want to know," interjected his mother. "If that girl







is given extra milk, why can't your grandmother give you also extra milk?" she asked excitedly.

"Mother, I'm sorry you, too, have misunderstood grandmother," remarked Sekhar. "After all, they are little kids and one can understand their ignorance. But you should know better. We four children belong to grandmother's family, whereas my cousin is from another family. She may be grandmother's daughter's daughter, but she belongs to a different family. And as such, she deserves special attention, doesn't she? It is just our duty."

Mangalam, who was in the next

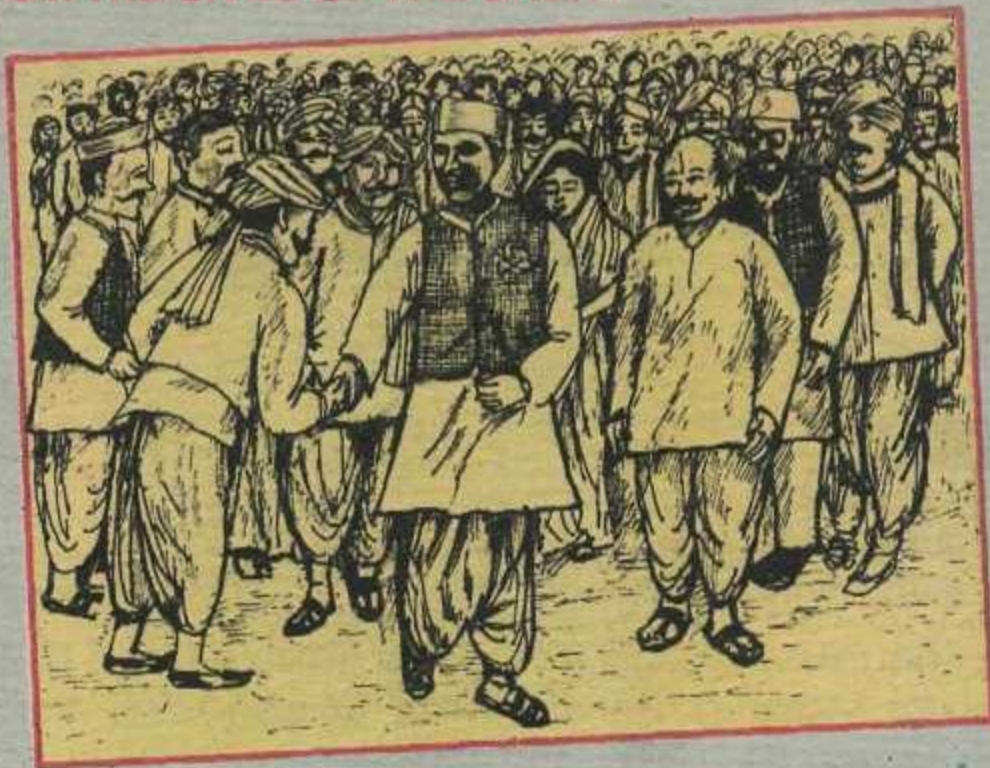
room preparing some delicacies, now joined them. "I've been listening to your conversation. I'm really surprised that Sekhar is even now quite mature. See how he has convinced you with his argument! I'm sure he'll go far in life. I never realised that this silly affair would take such proportions. I shall be careful in future."

"What a pity!" said Sekhar's mother, full of remorse and regret. "I didn't have that much wisdom that my little son has. How cleverly has he defended his grandmother! I hope you'll forgive me if I have hurt you," she said, as she took her mother-in-law's hands in hers.

**Bitter is patience, but its fruit is sweet.  
He spends best that spares to spend again.  
Money spent on the brain is never spent in vain.**







## Marks of people's love

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was Congress President at that time – some ten years before he became independent India's first Prime Minister. He was on a whirlwind tour of Tamilnadu and was about to leave for Madurai after a visit to Coimbatore. Mr. Avinashilingam Chettiar, who was then President of the District Congress Committee (he later became Education Minister of Madras), was seeing him off when he noticed a lot of scratches on Panditji's hands, from the forehead to the elbow. Some of them were apparently deep, as blood was oozing from them. He was horrified, when he was told that the

thousands of people who had come for the public meeting had insisted on shaking hands with Panditji.

Mr. Chettiar felt sorry that the people of his district had also harmed him while honouring him. "What is there to be sorry about?" asked Nehru of the Congress functionary. "I'm only worried that these scratches might heal too soon. They're the marks of the people's love for me, and I'm grateful to them."

No wonder Panditji remained the people's darling even when he had to distance himself from them sometimes, after he became Prime Minister.





**Who said, " A light has gone out of our lives."**

**- Sufir Shaheen, Calcutta**

That was how Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru referred to the death by assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, when he addressed the Constituent Assembly on January 31, 1948.

**There is no East Bengal in India. There is only one Bengal in India which can be called Bengal State. Why is it still being referred to as West Bengal ?**

**- S. Imam Saheb, Cuddapah**

After the partition of Bengal into West Bengal and East Bengal, both remained separate provinces of British India. At the time of the Partition in 1947, East Bengal was given away to Pakistan and was renamed East Pakistan, till it was liberated during the India-Pakistan war in December 1971, making way for the establishment of Bangladesh. It is true there is no East Bengal now in India or elsewhere. However, West Bengal remains one of the States of Independent India as recognised by and mentioned in our Constitution. Any change in nomenclature will require an amendment of the Constitution, in the Parliament.

**Why do we feel as light as feather when we stand on the moon ?**

**- Ashutosh V.Shah, Mangalore**

The gravitational force that we experience on earth is a unique phenomenon which is absent on the moon. The earth attracts every object to itself, as Newton found out when he saw an apple falling to the ground. When the spacecraft leaves the earth's atmosphere and pulls out of its gravitational force during its flight, the astronauts feel weightlessness. They have a similar experience when they stand on the moon, which has no atmosphere. Nor does it exert any atmospheric pressure.



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## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



M. Natarajan

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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## PICKS FROM THE WISE

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

- Tennyson

There are sadder hearts than yours, go and comfort them, and that will comfort you.

- Anonymous





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